# Miss America

10¢
OCT.

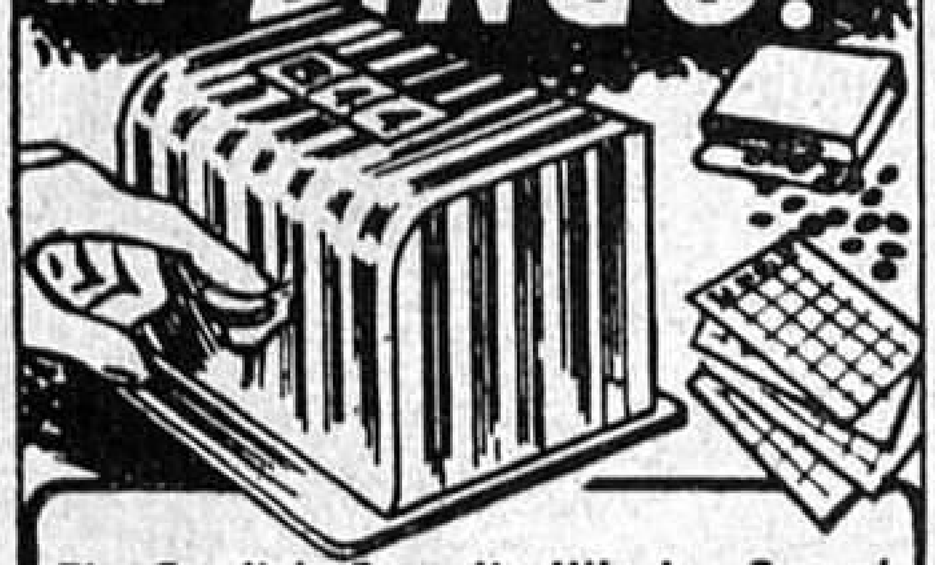
THRILL TO THREE NEW, ROMANTIC **PATSY WALKER** COMICS AS WELL AS 4 HEART-STIRRING TRUE-TO-LIFE TALES!

*Amazing Fascinating Exciting*

# FUN FOR ALL!

## with these SMASH VALUES

**Press the Button! Watch the wheels spin! and "BINGO!"**



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**$2.98** complete with Bingo Cards and Chips

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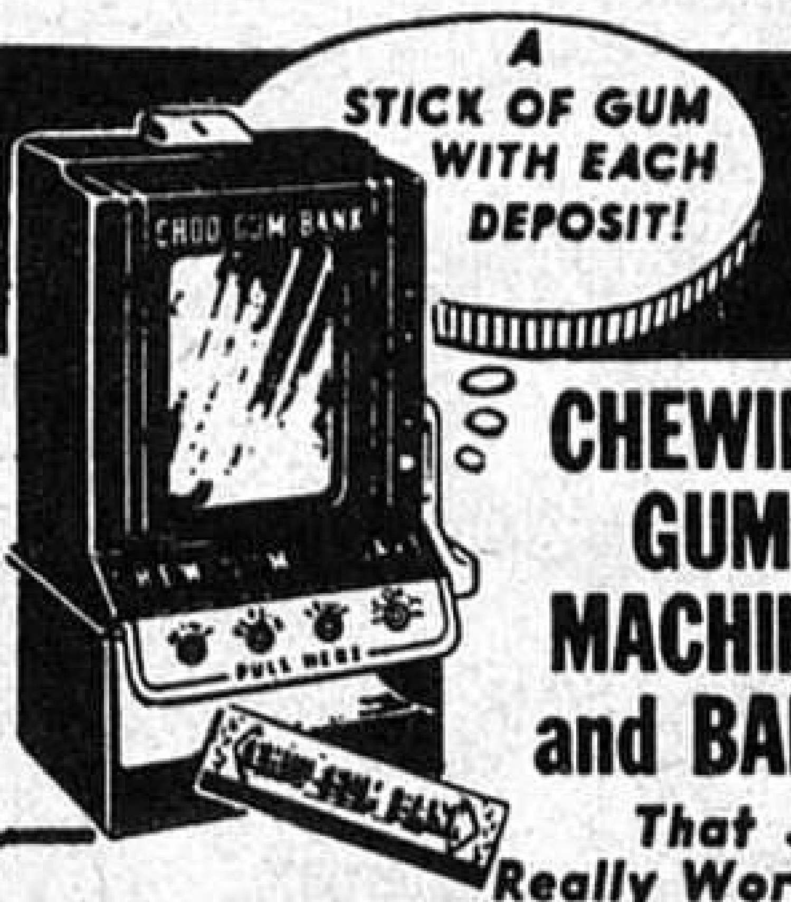
A STICK OF GUM WITH EACH DEPOSIT!
CHOO GUM BANK

## CHEWING GUM MACHINE and BANK

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## SEND NO MONEY

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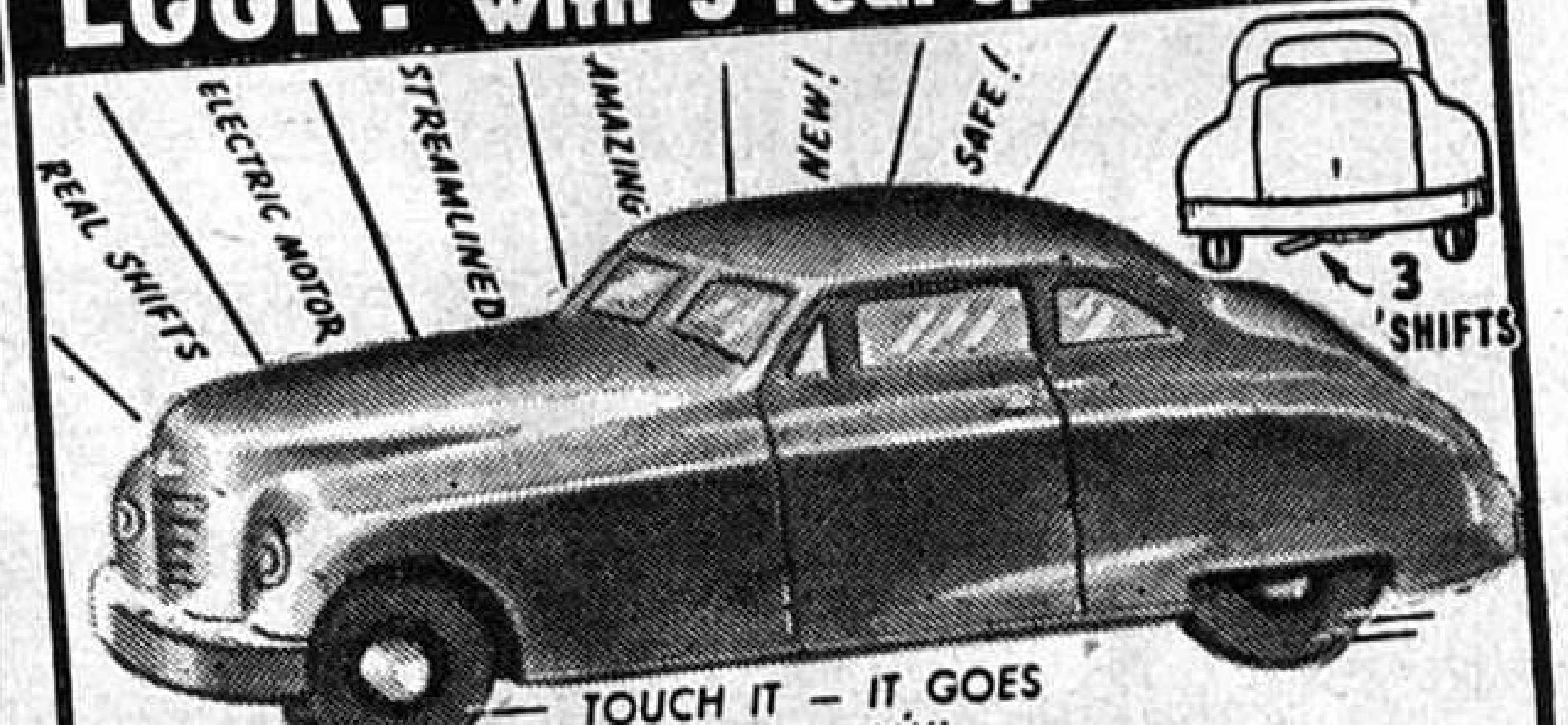
## LOOK! NEW 1949 ELECTROCAR with 3 real speed shifts



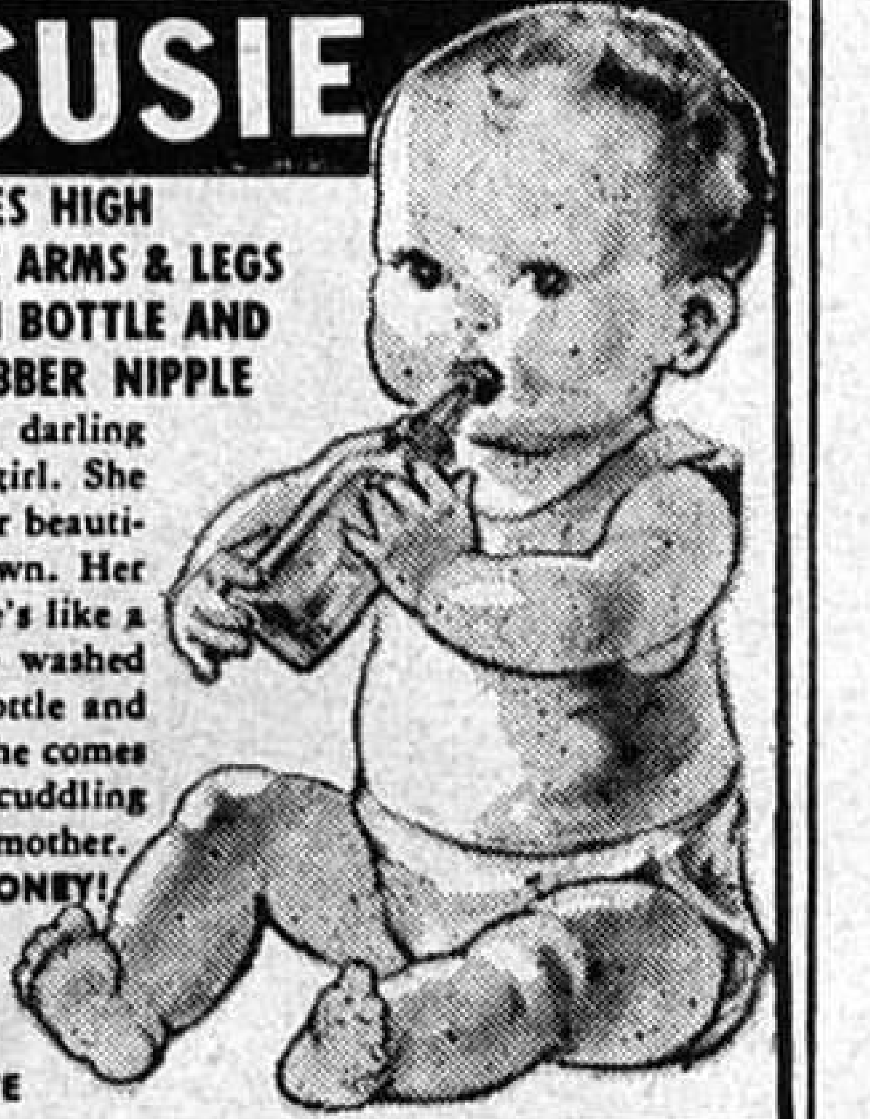
TOUCH IT — IT GOES THE OTHER WAY!

**LOW**
**SECOND**
**HIGH**
**REVERSE**

Here is the sensationally new scale-model car that captivates every child (and mommy and daddy, too. One flick of the magic gear lever and off it goes—in low, second, high—or reverse. Runs for hours. Driven by an electric motor, powered by two flashlight batteries — *safe, economical* — easily replaced. Over 10 inches long—comes completely assembled with batteries, headlights, balloon-type rubber tires—in shiny red durable plastic body. Lasts forever. RUSH ORDER TODAY! SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

*Imagine only* **2.98** Complete

## THE NEW RUBBER BOTTLE BABY DOLL THAT DRINKS 'N' WETS. SUSIE



- **LIFE LIKE EYES OPEN AND CLOSE**
- **ALL RUBBER BODY**
- **EASILY BATHED**
- **13 INCHES HIGH**
- **MOVABLE ARMS & LEGS**
- **HER OWN BOTTLE AND REAL RUBBER NIPPLE**

SUZIE, THE BOTTLE BABY, is a smiling darling who will bring out the Mother in any little girl. She just begs to be loved—she opens and closes her beautiful eyes when you pick her up or lie her down. Her round little arms and legs move freely and she's like a real baby to bathe — her rubber skin can be washed again and again. She has her own nursing bottle and will wet after feeding—just like a real baby. She comes dressed in a tiny shirt and diaper and is just cuddling size for some lucky little girl who is Suzie's mother. Rush your order for Suzie today! **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage, or order C.O.D. plus postage.

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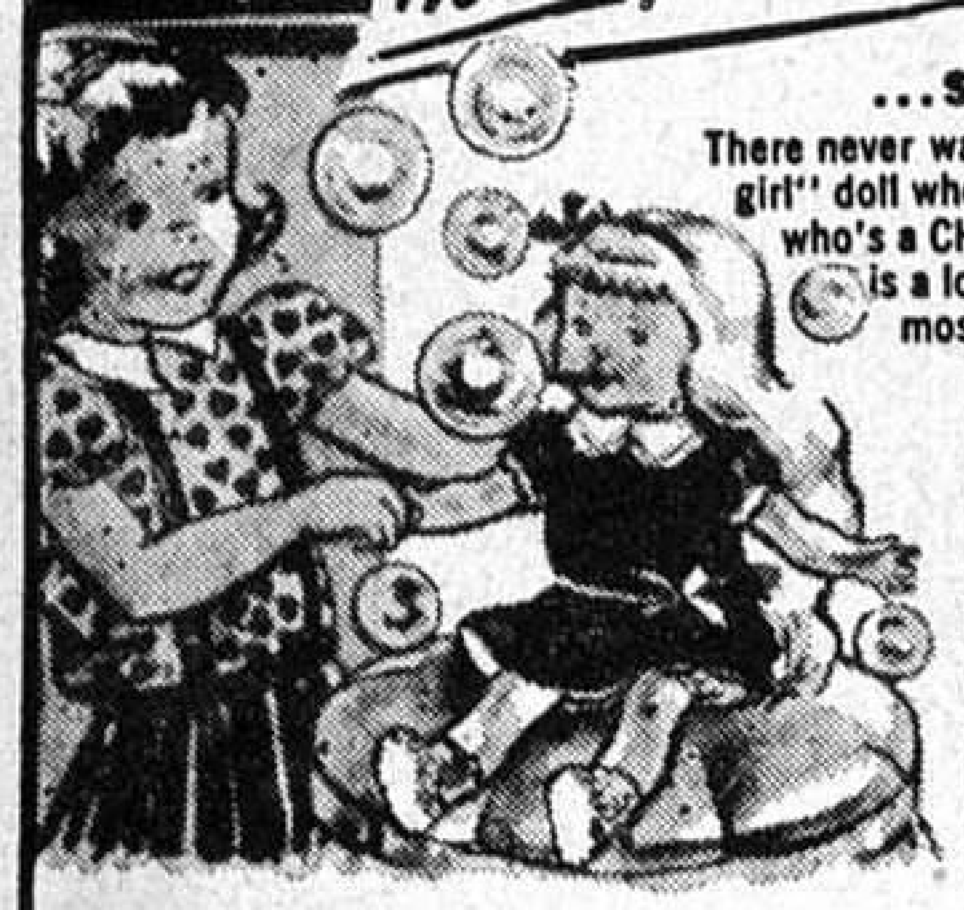
## BUBBLES BLONDIE

*The WONDER DOLL* ***Actually BLOWS** her own plastic* **BUBBLES**



**A Beautiful Blondie!**
**. . . She's Forever Blowing Bubbles!**

There never was another like her—a beautiful "little girl" doll who's got talent, too—she's the only doll who's a CHAMPION BUBBLE BLOWER. BUBBLES is a long golden-haired cutie who makes the most of her good looks by dressing to beat the band — — — socks, panties, dress and a ribbon to tie up her lovely curls —all designed to set off her 12 inches of charm. Even the bubbles she blows are prettier than any you've ever seen —they're of shining plastic that reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Send for BUBBLES today - she's a sweetheart! **SEND NO MONEY** rush your order today. Remit your order, we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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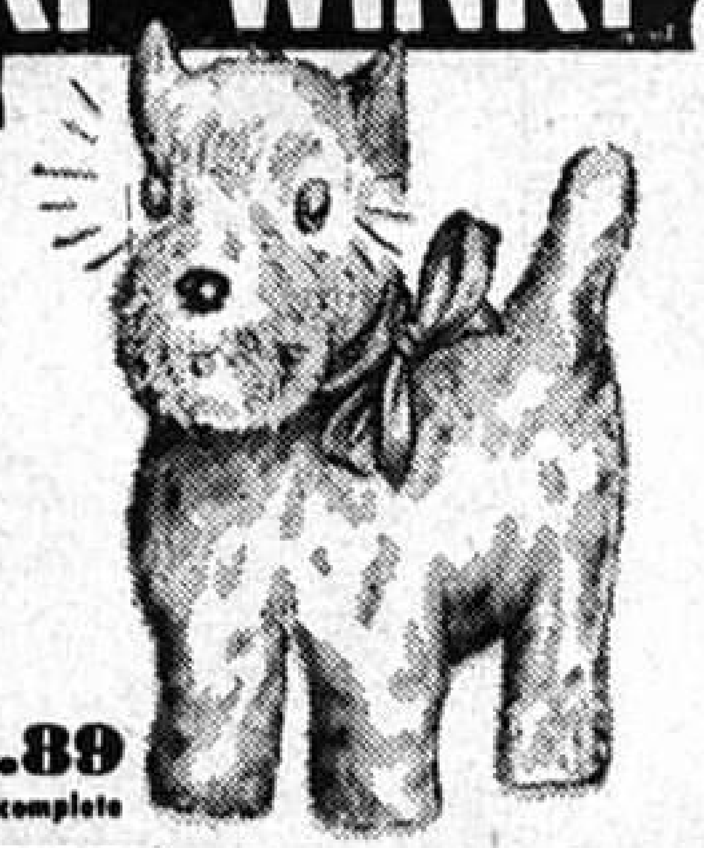
## *Everybody's Buddy* BLINKI'-WINKI'

***THE ELECTRIC EYE PUPPY***



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- **EYES LITE UP AND SHINE**

The sensational gift every child will adore. This soft cuddly puppy will reach into your heart . . . so real. The lifelike eyes are removable as is the battery so actually Blinki' will last a lifetime. He flashes on and off by simply cuddling him. Comes complete with battery and two colored bulbs already assembled. **SEND NO MONEY**—Remit your order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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***USE THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK***

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LOSE POUNDS and INCHES *SAFELY* Without Risking Health
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**DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS YOU LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST.** Yes . . . doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take. NO PILLS, LAXATIVES OR HARMFUL DRUGS. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instrections of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

**HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS:** The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent MEDICAL BOOK, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN., the following is stated: pg. 24, ch. 12, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of fat. There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS, can and does reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region." It is a reliable unbiased source of information.

**PROOF POSITIVE SPOT REDUCER WORKS:** In recent tests made by outstanding licensed MEDICAL DOCTORS on more than 100 people, with the use of SPOT REDUCER every one lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. And the users say: "It was fun and they enjoyed it." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The SPOT REDUCER way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The SPOT REDUCER can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

**Money-Back Guarantee with a 10-Day FREE Trial**

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results your money will be refunded at once!

FREE A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

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**871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey.**

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

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# FOOD FOR FUN

## PETER PIPER STUFF . . .

They aren't pickled, but Peter Piper himself would go for these green peppers stuffed with cottage cheese! Not new, of course, but the secret of success lies in flavoring the cottage cheese properly. For a specialty of your own, make them this way:

Wash the peppers, cut off the tops and remove the seeds. Mix the cottage cheese with just enough cream to make it into a smooth paste, but it must be on the stiff side, rather than runny.

Now, work into it a little cayenne, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Mince a few chives or shallots and work them in, too. Last, add just a suggestion of dill—either the dried or fresh leaves.

Stuff the peppers well with this mixture, packing them tightly. Then put them in the icebox for an hour or more and when ready to serve, slice them in half-inch slices. Arrange on beds of water cress, dust with paprika and serve, with or without tart mayonnaise.

And then just wait for everyone to clamor for your secret!

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TRUE or FALSE?

*You're more sensitive "certain times" of the month!*

**TRUE.** You may notice your feelings are easily hurt during these few days. You feel squelched for the slightest reason! Just remember this mood will pass as quickly as it came.

You'll find many important facts about menstruation in "Growing Up And Liking It."

Written especially for teen-agers, this bright new book gives do's and don'ts for "those days." And scads of tips on beauty, poise and health.

Modess will send you your FREE copy—if you mail the coupon below!

TRUE or FALSE?

***Your age determines the size napkin you should wear!***

**FALSE.** At any age, the size to use is the one that gives you most comfort and protection. That's why Modess comes in 3 sizes—

**Modess Regular** (blue box) is ideal for the average needs of most girls.

**Modess Junior** (green box) is slightly narrower, for girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective.

**Modess Super** (orchid box) gives extra protection when greater absorbency is needed.

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***Send now for your FREE copy!***

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It."

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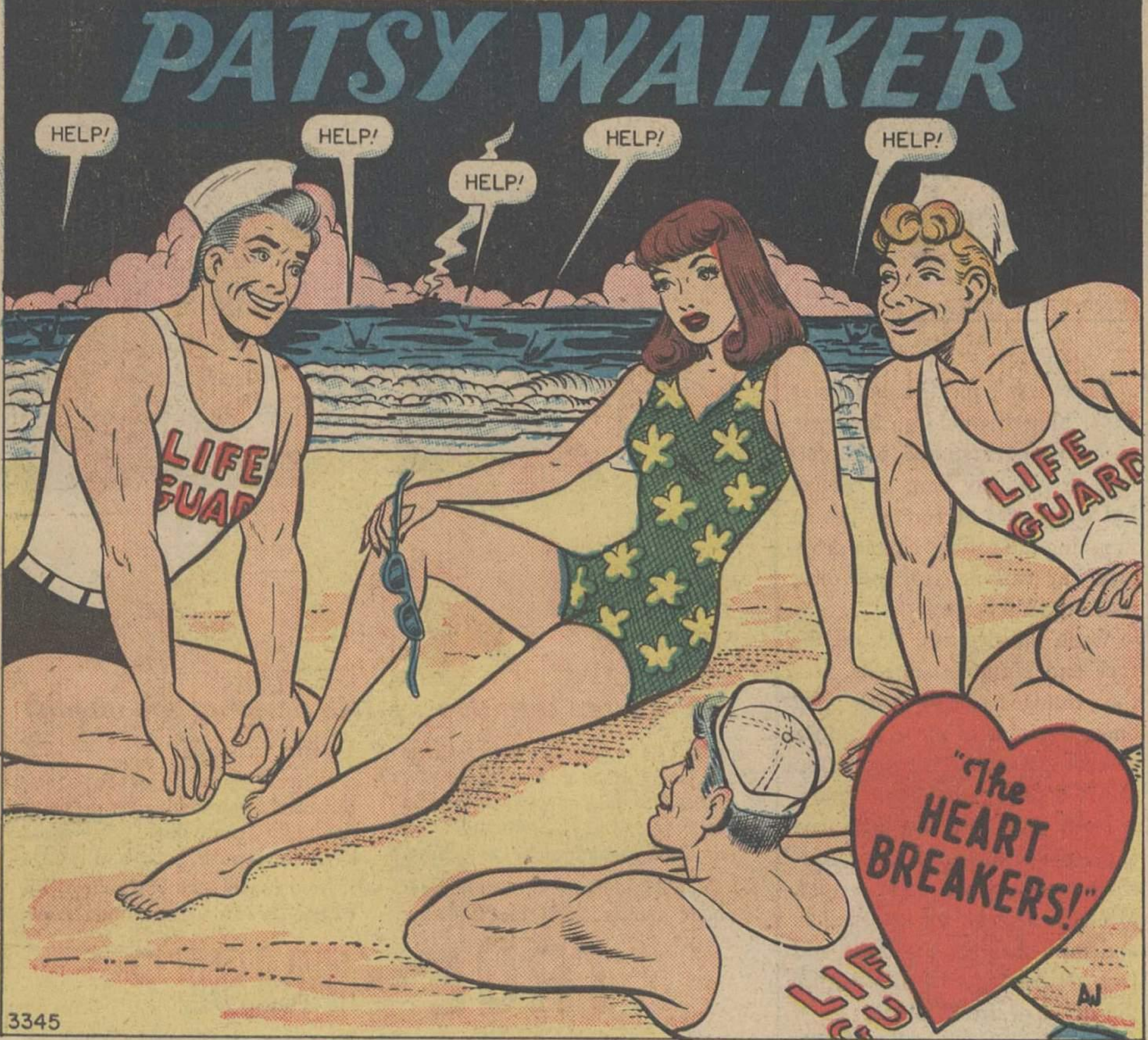
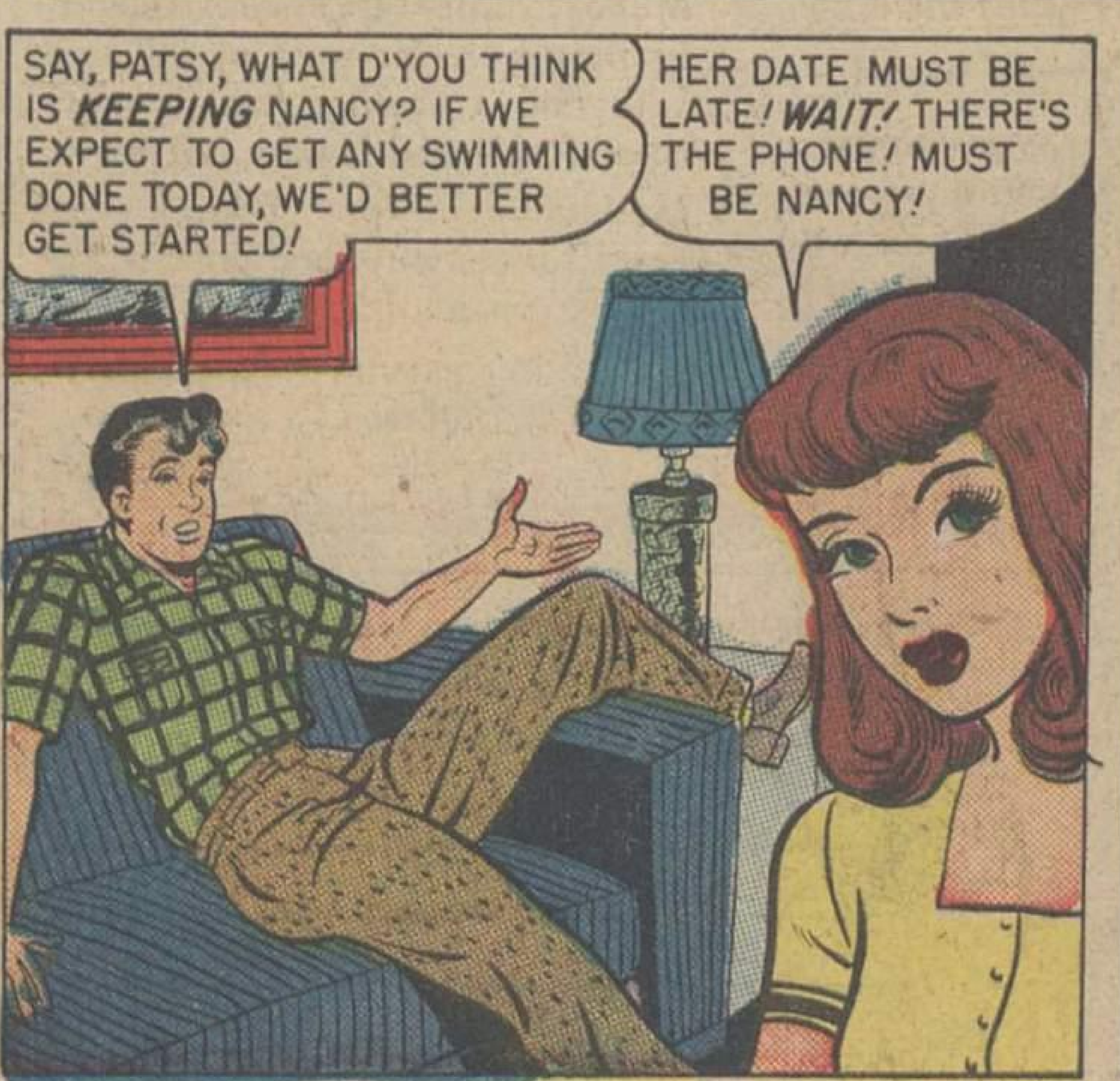
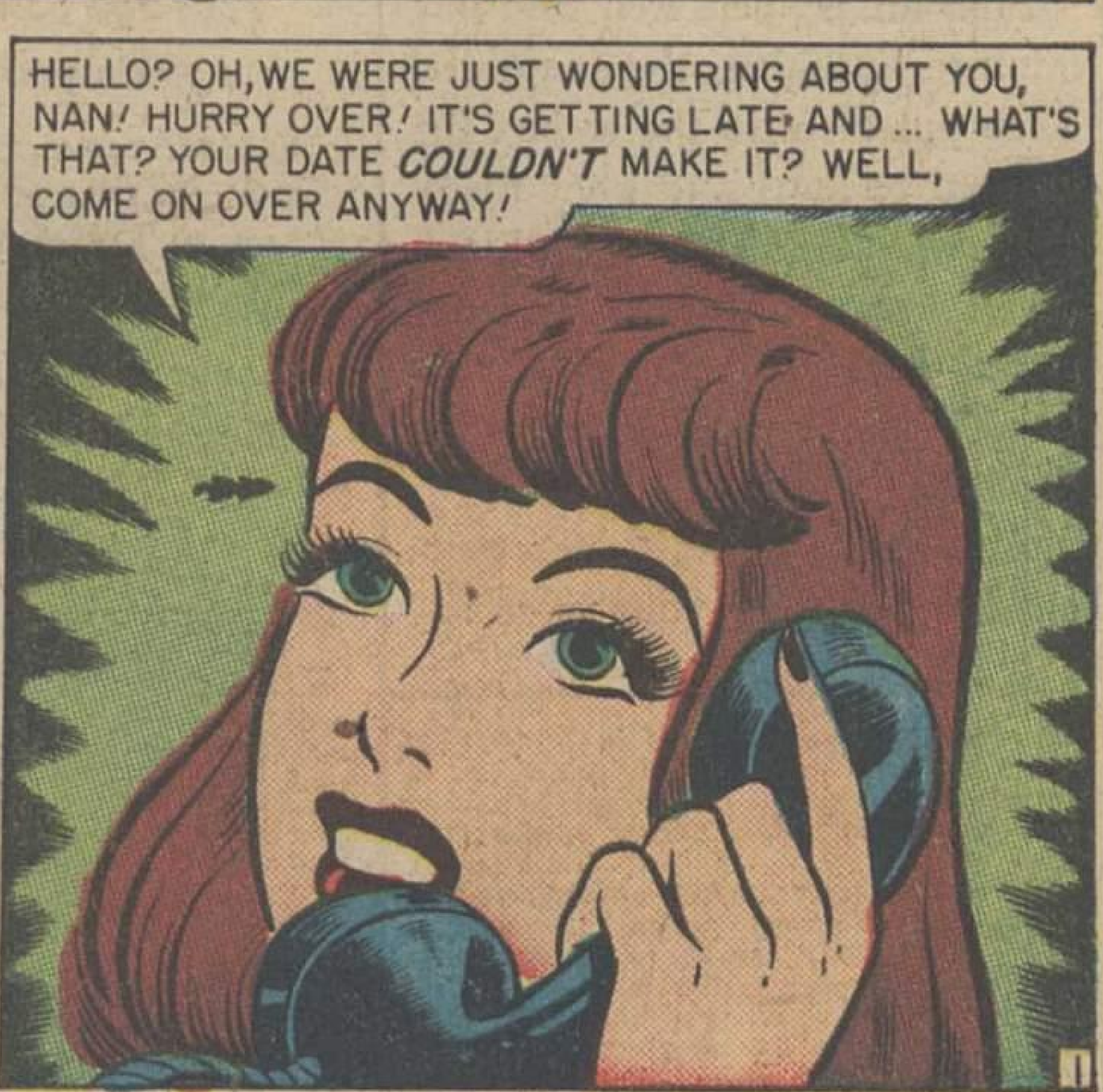
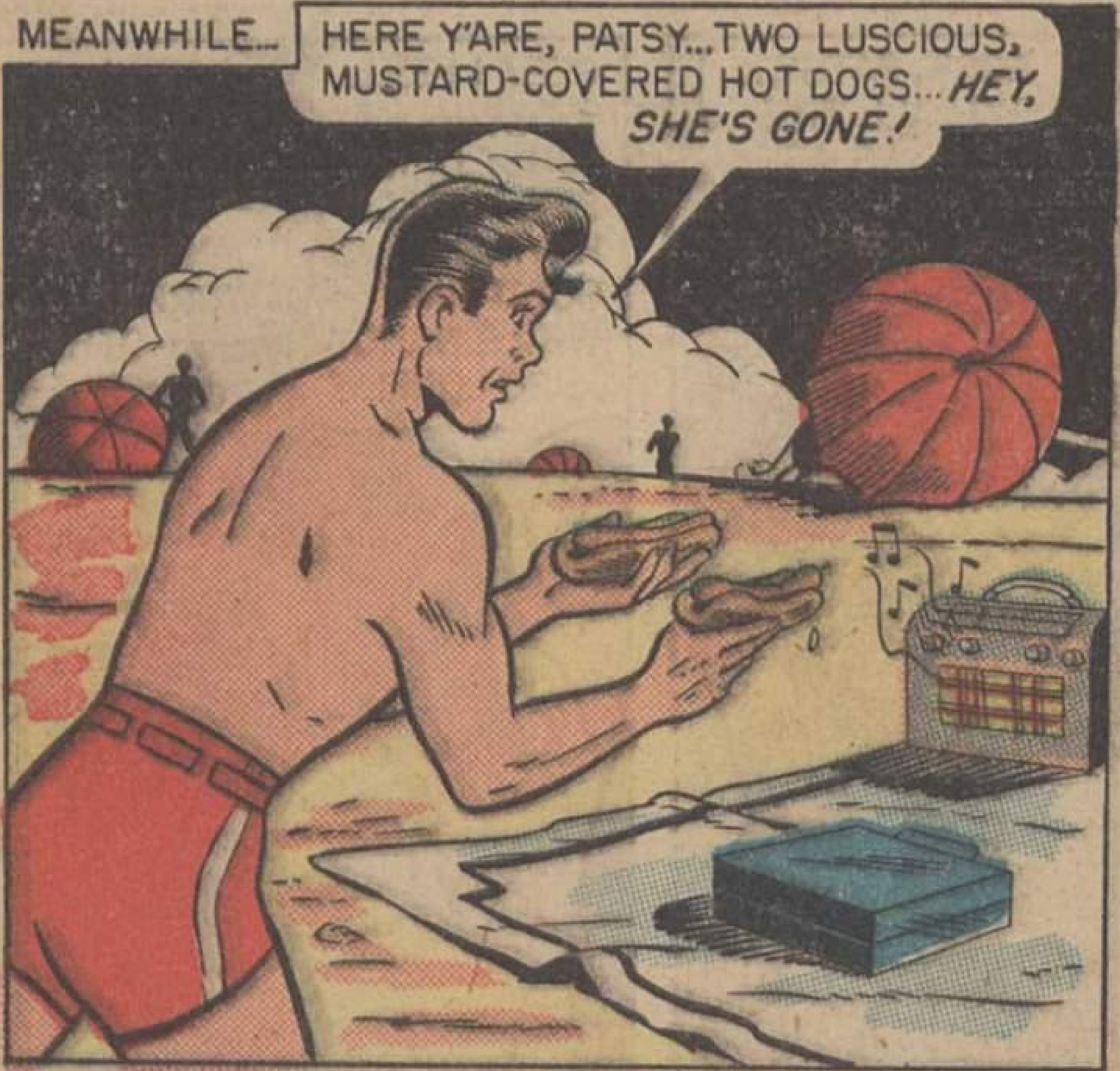
Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau; Board of Education, New York City

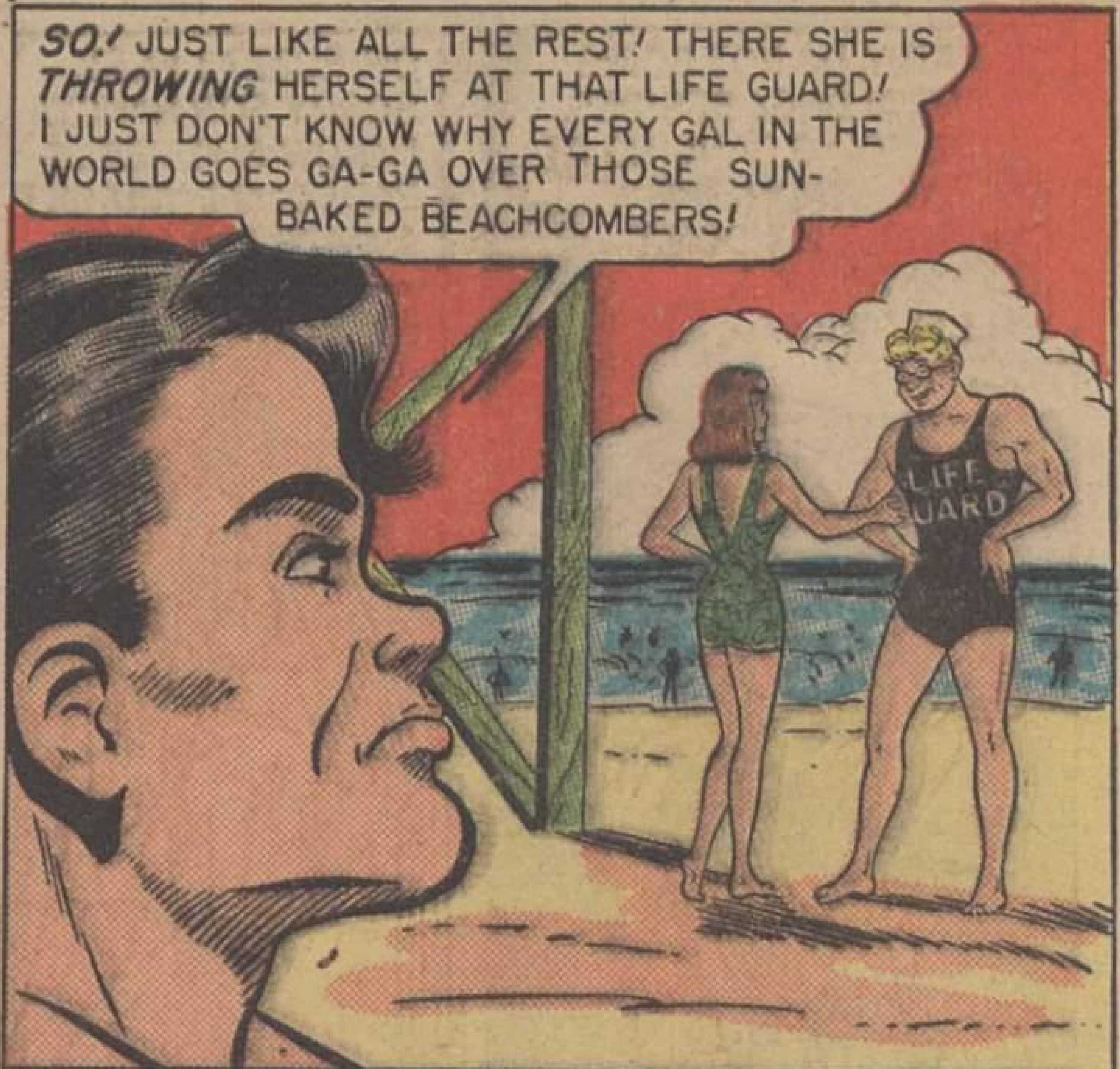

PATSY WALKER
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
LIFE GUARD
LIFE GUARD
LIFE GU
"The HEART BREAKERS!"
AJ
3345

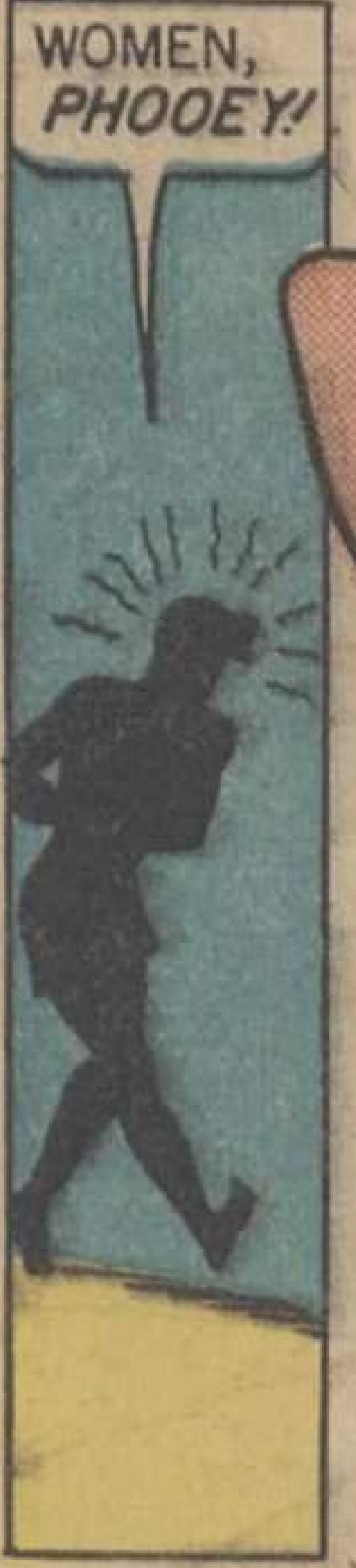

SAY, PATSY, WHAT D'YOU THINK IS *KEEPING* NANCY? IF WE EXPECT TO GET ANY SWIMMING DONE TODAY, WE'D BETTER GET STARTED!
HER DATE MUST BE LATE! *WAIT!* THERE'S THE PHONE! MUST BE NANCY!

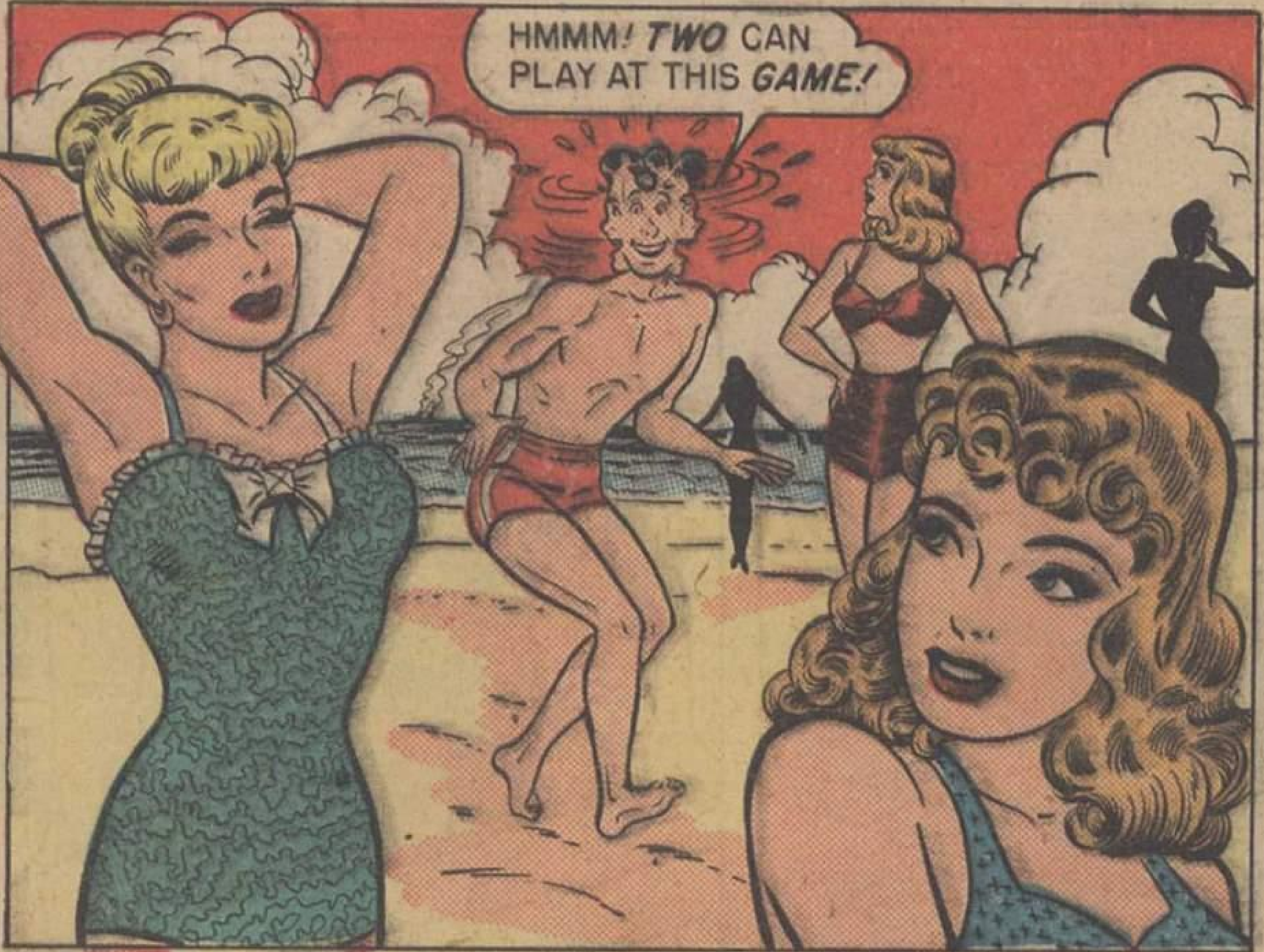

HELLO? OH, WE WERE JUST WONDERING ABOUT YOU, NAN! HURRY OVER! IT'S GETTING LATE AND ... WHAT'S THAT? YOUR DATE *COULDN'T* MAKE IT? WELL, COME ON OVER ANYWAY!

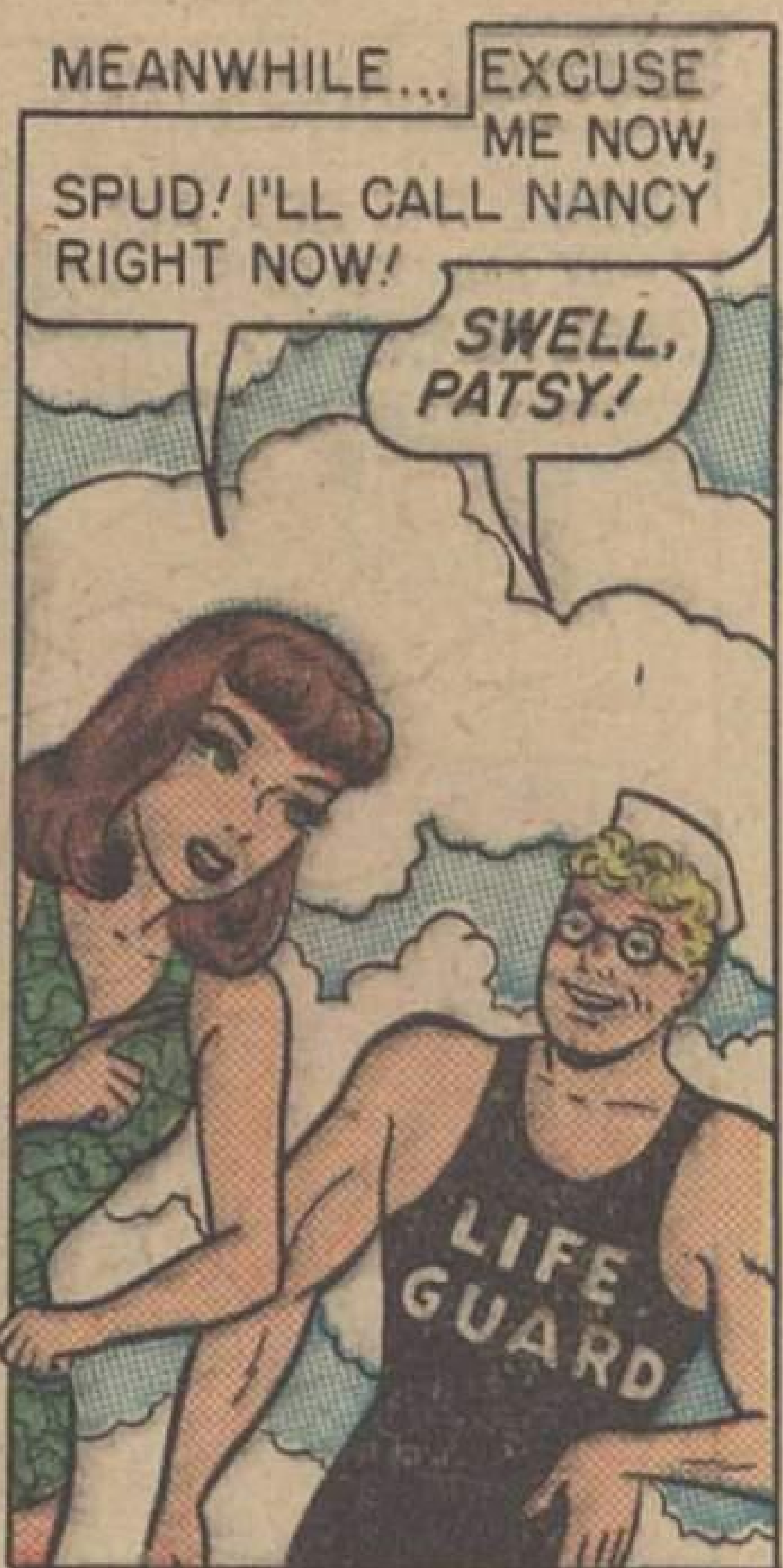
NO, PATSY, I'M NOT GOING TO TAG ALONG! BESIDES, YOU'RE GOING DANCING AT THE PAVILION IN THE EVENING AND I DON'T RELISH BEING A WALLFLOWER! 'BYE, PATSY!
OH, BUZZ! I FEEL SORRY FOR NANCY! I KNOW SHE FEELS BAD! CAN'T YOU GET A *DATE* FOR HER?
GOSH, PATSY... *NO!* ALL THE FELLOWS ARE AWAY!
GEE! I FEEL *TERRIBLE!* I JUST CAN'T SEE MYSELF HAVING A GOOD TIME WHILE NANCY IS SO LONELY!
WELL, IT'S TOUGH, PATSY! BUT AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T ALWAYS WORRY ABOUT OTHERS!
LATER...
AHHHH, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE SEA AIR THAT MAKES ONE FEEL *TERRIFIC!*
ALL I KNOW IS IT MAKES ME FEEL HUNGRY! HOW ABOUT GETTING US SOME HOT FRANKS, BUZZ?
REET, KEED! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
HOT D 10¢
10¢ HOT DOGS 10¢
WELL, I'LL BE...THAT LIFE GUARD LOOKS AWFULLY *FAMILIAR!* I KNOW! HE'S *SPUD BARROWS!* HE WAS A COUNSELOR AT CAMP A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!
WASTE
HELLO, SPUD! *REMEMBER* ME?
HUH? WHY...SURE I DO! YOU'RE PATSY WALKER! *SAY,* WHERE'S YOUR BEST PAL, NANCY BROWN?
LIFE ARD
2

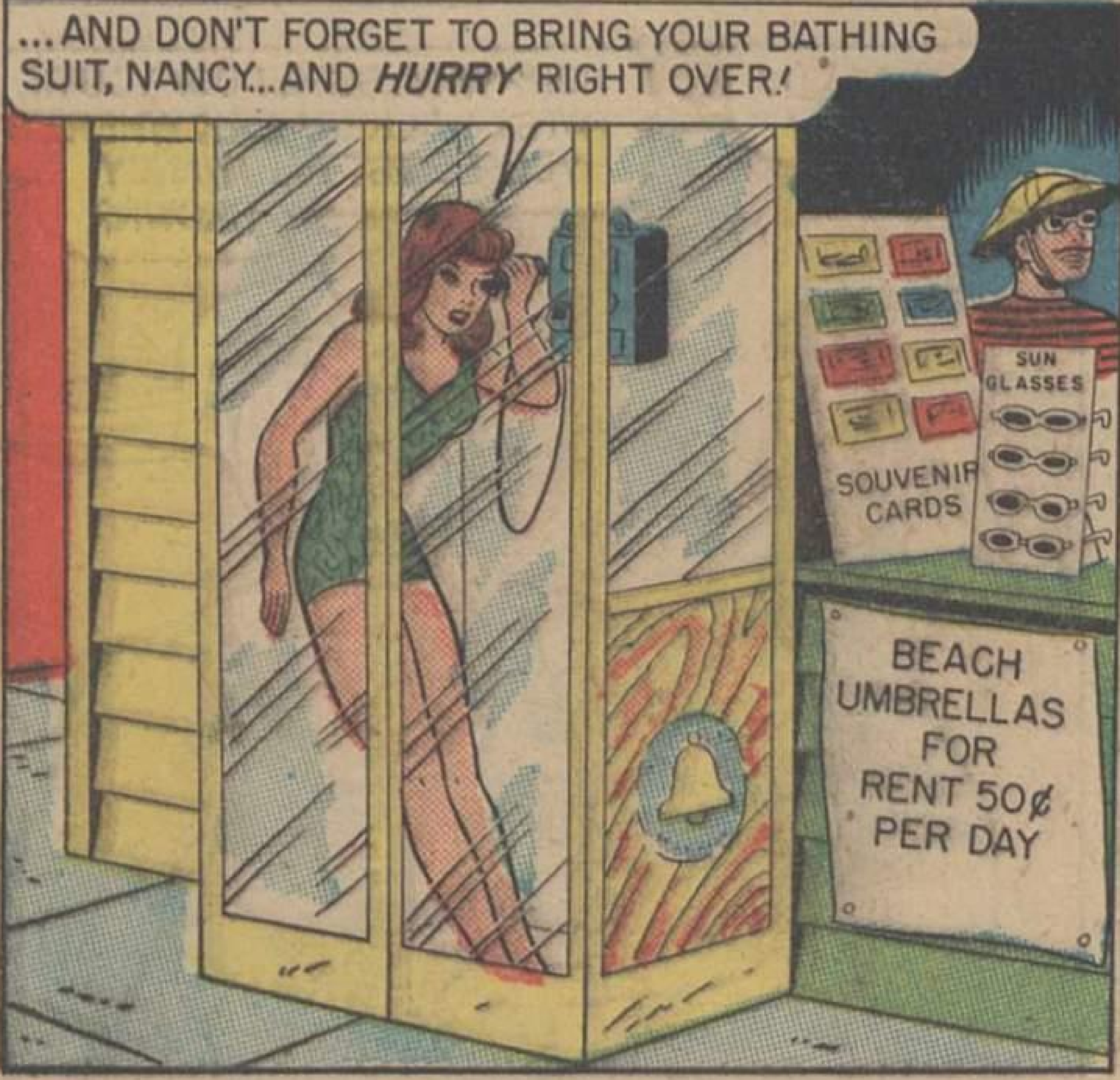

MEANWHILE...
HERE Y'ARE, PATSY...TWO LUSCIOUS, MUSTARD-COVERED HOT DOGS... *HEY, SHE'S GONE!*

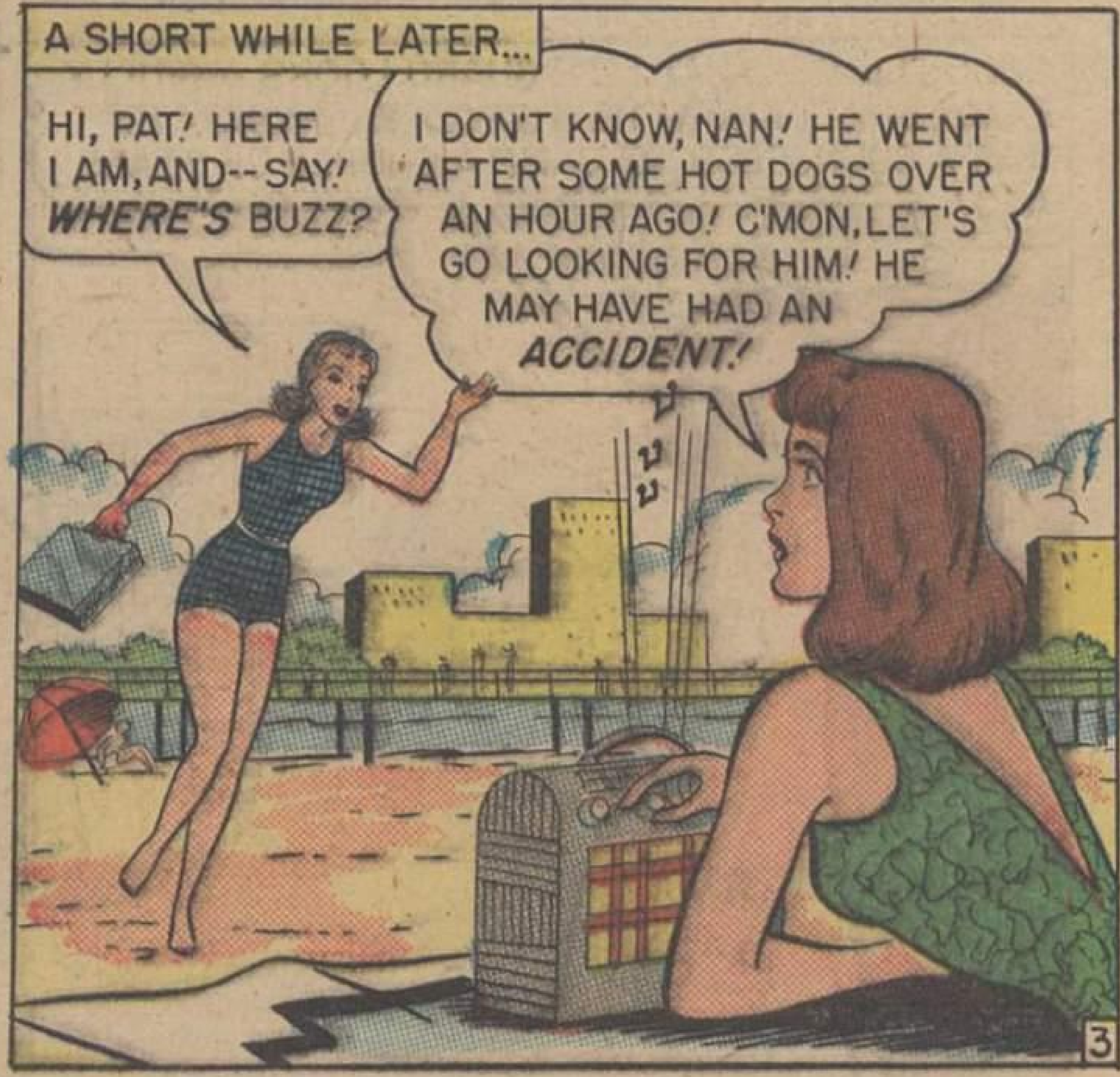

*SO!* JUST LIKE ALL THE REST! THERE SHE IS *THROWING* HERSELF AT THAT LIFE GUARD! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHY EVERY GAL IN THE WORLD GOES GA-GA OVER THOSE SUN-BAKED BEACHCOMBERS!
LIFE GUARD

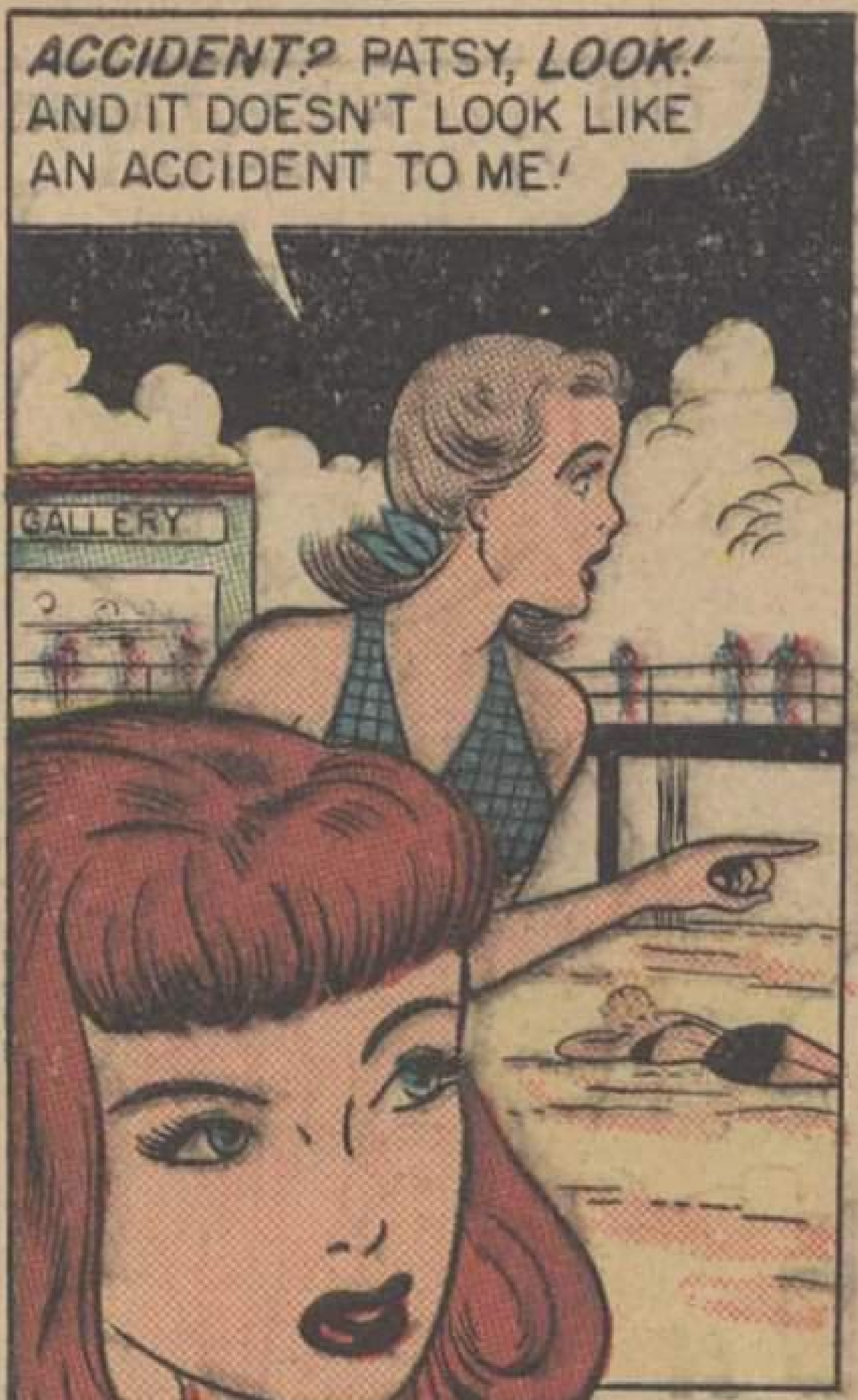

WOMEN, *PHOOEY!*

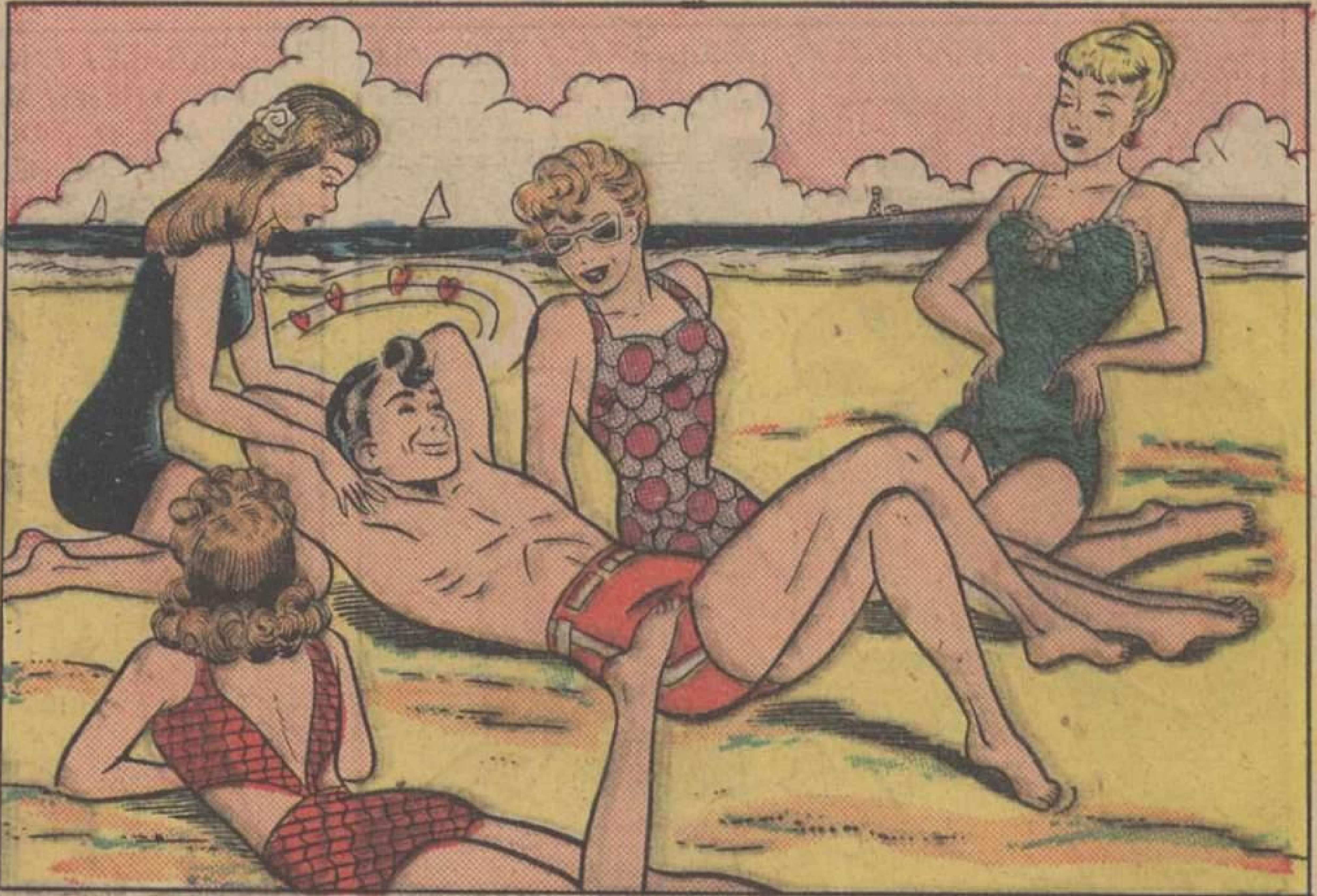

HMMM! *TWO* CAN PLAY AT THIS *GAME!*

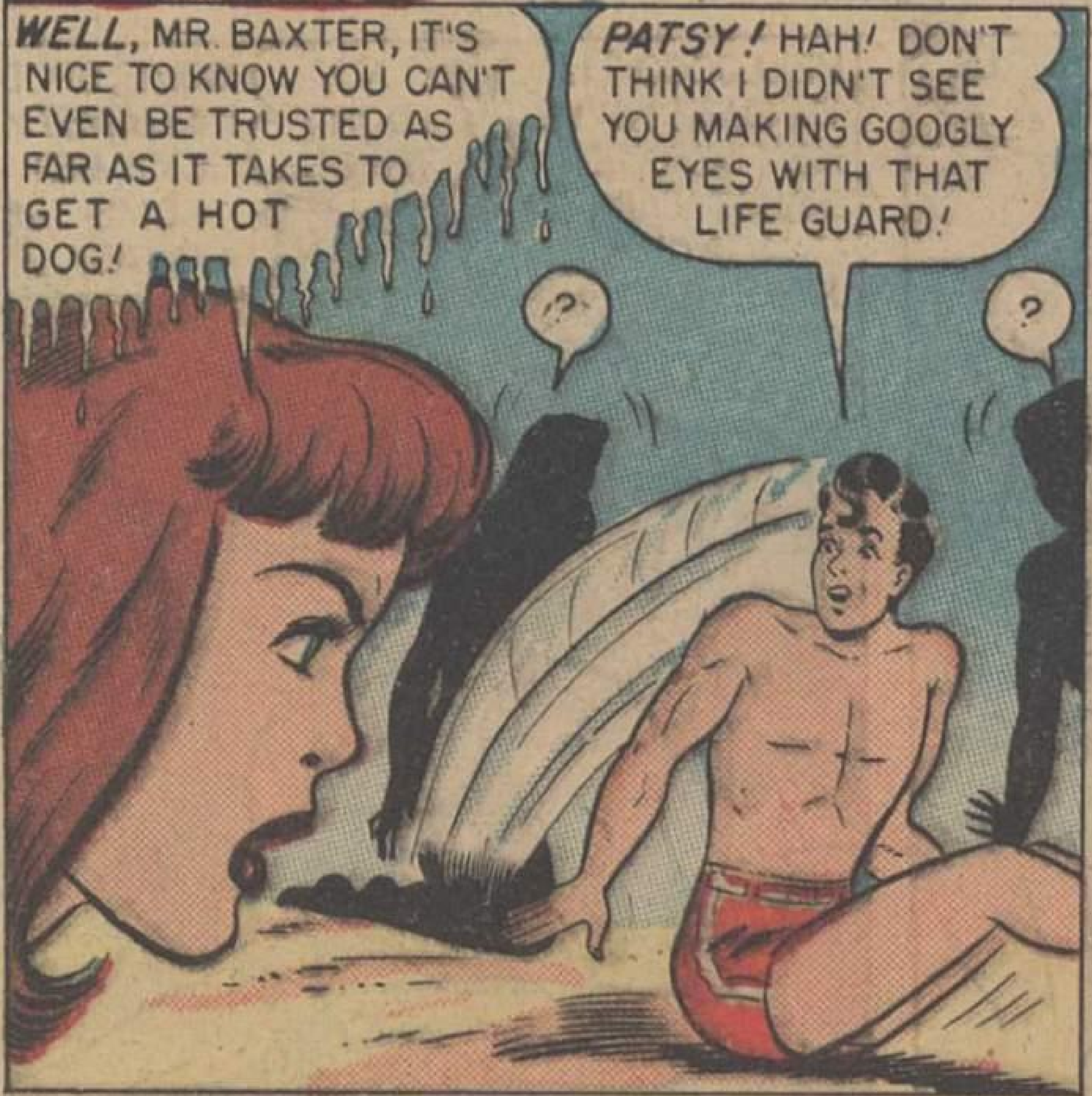

MEANWHILE...
EXCUSE ME NOW, SPUD! I'LL CALL NANCY RIGHT NOW!
*SWELL, PATSY!*
LIFE GUARD

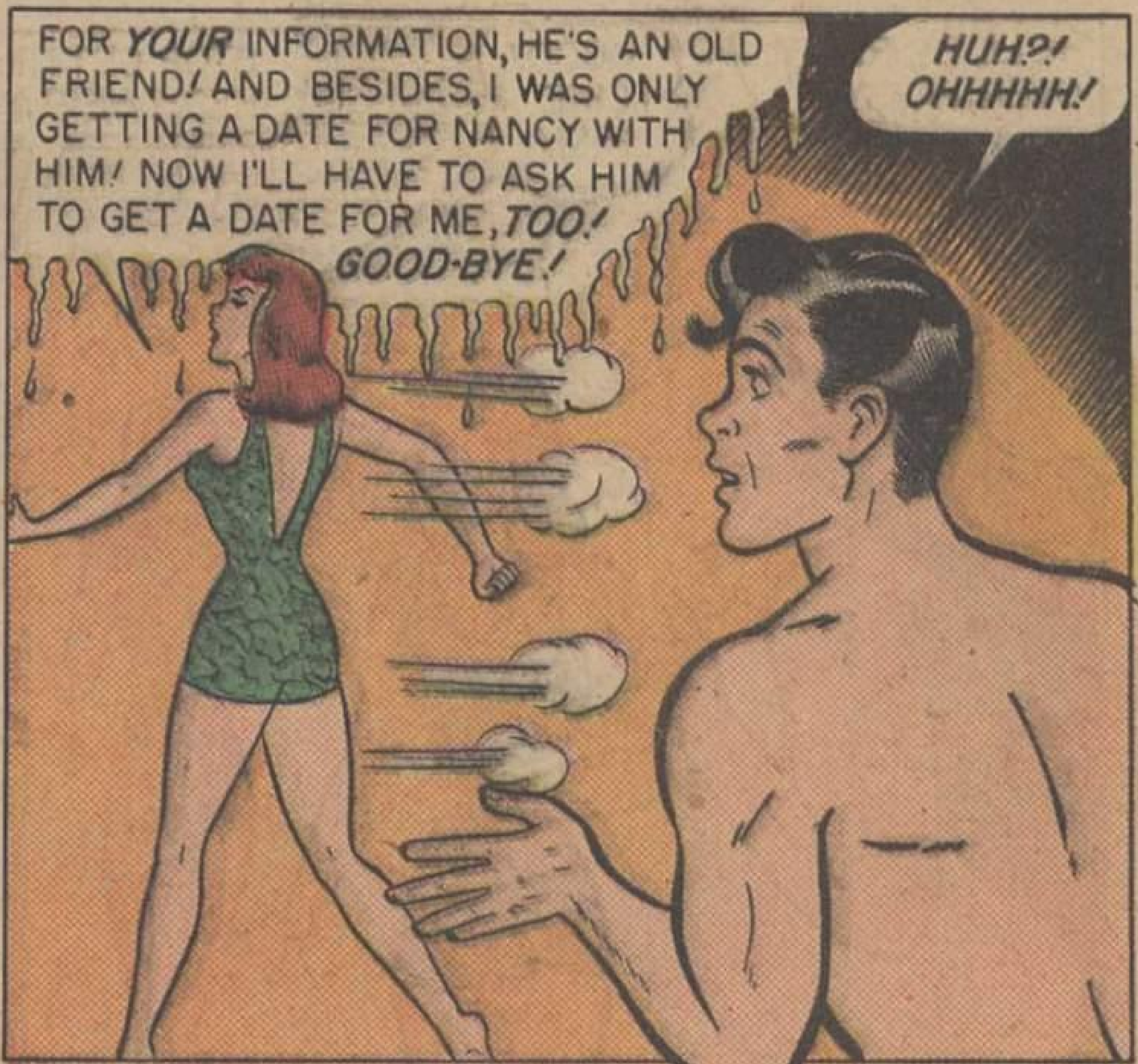

...AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING YOUR BATHING SUIT, NANCY...AND *HURRY* RIGHT OVER!
SUN GLASSES
SOUVENIR CARDS
BEACH UMBRELLAS FOR RENT 50¢ PER DAY

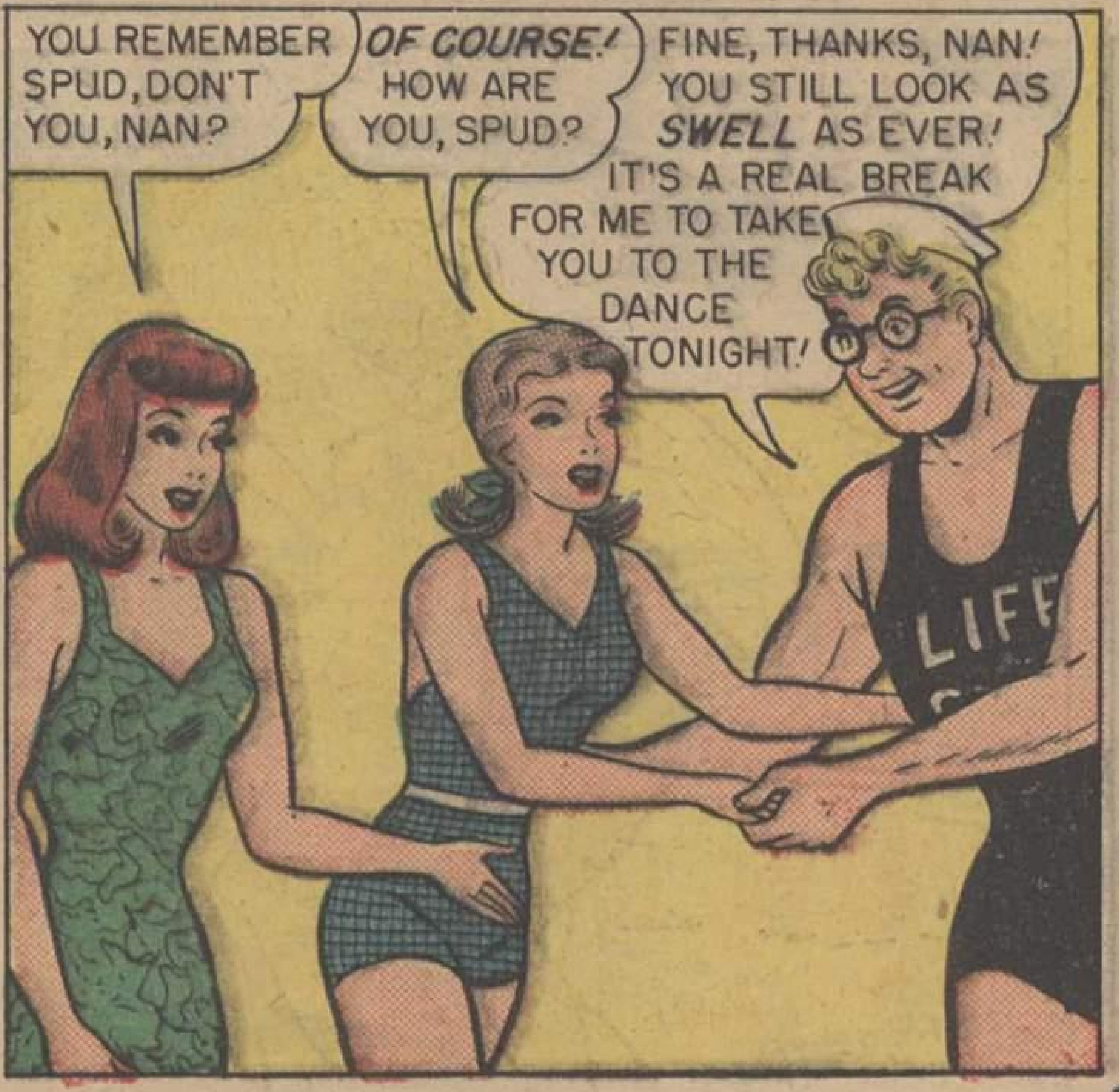

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
HI, PAT! HERE I AM, AND--SAY! *WHERE'S* BUZZ?
I DON'T KNOW, NAN! HE WENT AFTER SOME HOT DOGS OVER AN HOUR AGO! C'MON, LET'S GO LOOKING FOR HIM! HE MAY HAVE HAD AN *ACCIDENT!*
3

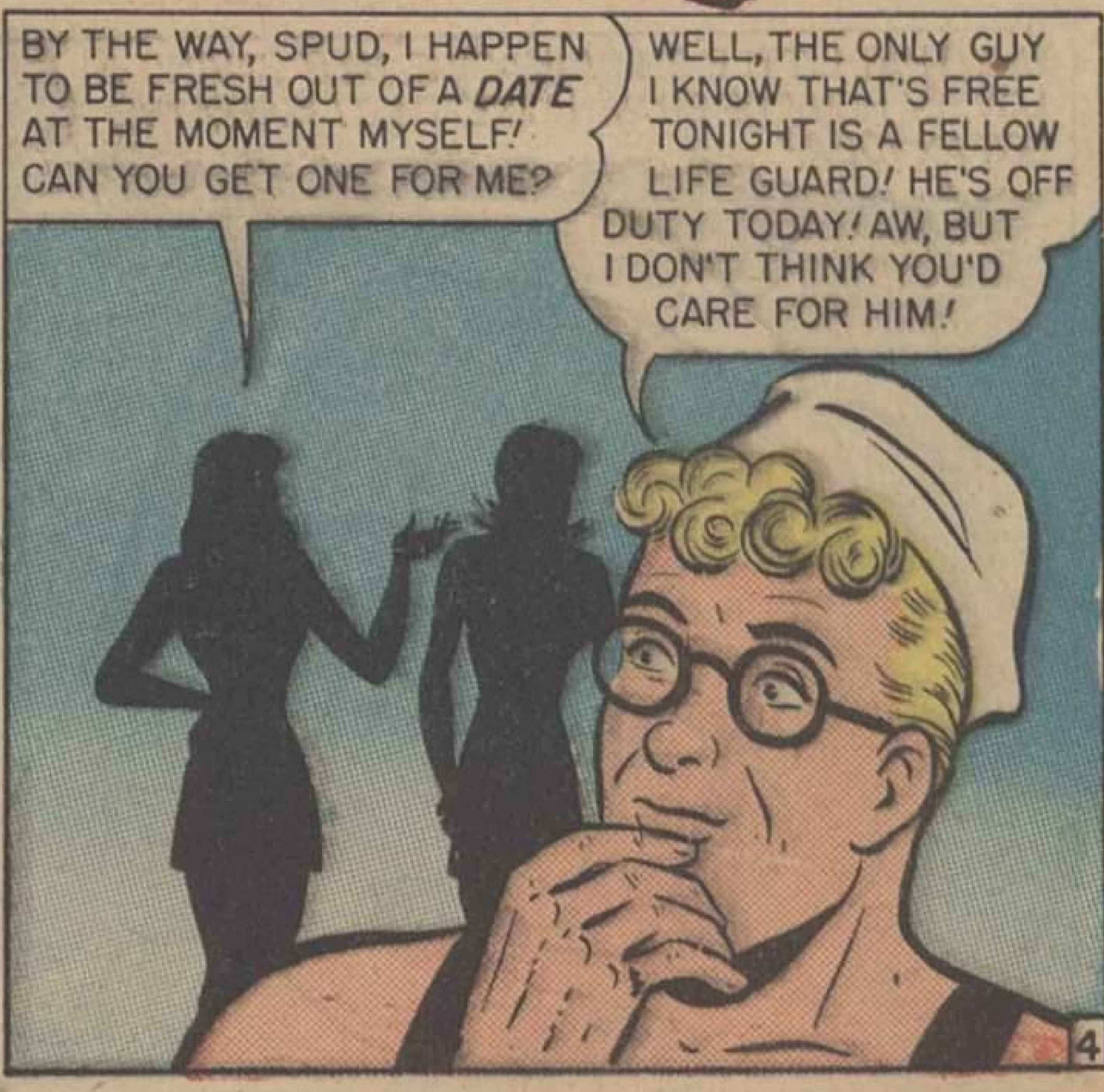

ACCIDENT? PATSY, LOOK! AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT TO ME!
GALLERY




WELL, MR. BAXTER, IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU CAN'T EVEN BE TRUSTED AS FAR AS IT TAKES TO GET A HOT DOG!
PATSY! HAH! DON'T THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU MAKING GOOGLY EYES WITH THAT LIFE GUARD!
?
?


FOR YOUR INFORMATION, HE'S AN OLD FRIEND! AND BESIDES, I WAS ONLY GETTING A DATE FOR NANCY WITH HIM! NOW I'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM TO GET A DATE FOR ME, TOO! GOOD-BYE!
HUH?! OHHHHH!


YOU REMEMBER SPUD, DON'T YOU, NAN?
OF COURSE! HOW ARE YOU, SPUD?
FINE, THANKS, NAN! YOU STILL LOOK AS SWELL AS EVER! IT'S A REAL BREAK FOR ME TO TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE TONIGHT!
LIFE


BY THE WAY, SPUD, I HAPPEN TO BE FRESH OUT OF A DATE AT THE MOMENT MYSELF! CAN YOU GET ONE FOR ME?
WELL, THE ONLY GUY I KNOW THAT'S FREE TONIGHT IS A FELLOW LIFE GUARD! HE'S OFF DUTY TODAY! AW, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'D CARE FOR HIM!
4

A LIFE GUARD? WOO WOO! I KNOW I'LL LIKE HIM! HURRY AND GET HIM! I'LL NEED HIM FOR THE DANCE TONIGHT!
WELL, OKAY! I'LL CALL HIM UP NOW! I HOPE YOU WON'T BE SORRY!
LIFE GUARD
HELLO, GALS! FANCY MEETING YOU TWO HERE! AND ALONE, TOO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BESIDES MARRING THE BEAUTY OF AN OTHERWISE LOVELY LANDSCAPE!
WE ARE NOT ALONE! IT SO HAPPENS THAT WE HAVE DATES WITH TWO HANDSOME LIFE GUARDS AND, OH--HERE COMES ONE OF THEM NOW!
HE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, PATSY!
OOOO! I LIKE HIM!
STOP GETTING IDEAS, HEDY! HE'S MINE!
HELLOOOO ♫! I'M SURE WE'VE MET BEFORE! WAS IT WAIKIKI? MIAMI? OR PERHAPS ORCHARD BEACH?
NO, I DON'T THINK...
COME, SPUD! I'M THIRSTY! LET'S GET SOME SODAS!
LIFE GUAR
WHY, THAT LITTLE SNIP! IMAGINE HER HAVING A LOVELY HUNK OF BRAWN LIKE THAT! WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
HELP!
UH-OH!
?
LIFE GUA
5

HOLD ON! I'M COMING!
HELP!
LIFE GUARD
HMPH! SHE'LL TRY *ANYTHING* TO GET A MAN! I HAPPEN TO KNOW SHE'S A *GOOD* SWIMMER!
OHHH, SPUD! YOU *SAVED* MY LIFE! OH, DON'T *EVER* LEAVE ME!
ER... YOU'RE OKAY!
MEAWHILE, BUZZ EXPLAINS TO PATSY...
...AND PLEASE FORGIVE ME, PATSY! IT WAS ALL A *MISUNDERSTANDING!* I WAS SO JEALOUS WHEN I SAW YOU WITH THE LIFE GUARD, I JUST...
OF COURSE I FORGIVE YOU, BUZZ! I *UNDERSTAND* IT ALL NOW!
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
HEY, SPUD! HERE I AM! WHERE'S THE BEAUTIFUL CHICK YOU PROMISED ME?
PARKING LOT NO.5 LANE 7
OOOOO! WHAT A DREAM!
OW! WHAT'LL I DO *NOW*? THAT'S THE DATE I GOT FOR YOU, PATSY!
I'VE GOT AN *IDEA!* LET'S FIX HIM UP WITH HEDY!
LIFE GUARD
HOW ABOUT IT, HEDY? WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CHUCK'S *DATE* TONIGHT?
LIKE IT? *LOVE IT!*
LIFE GUARD
6

HEDY, HERE IS YOUR DATE! THIS IS CHUCK!
HELLO, CHUCK!
HI, BABE! *GLAD* TO KNOW YA! SAY I'D LIKE TO TAKE A DIP BEFORE THE DANCE! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!
LIFE GUARD
DID YOU SEE THOSE SHOULDERS? AND THAT FACE? MMM! NOW *THAT'S* WHAT *I* CALL A DREAM MAN!
BUZZ *STILL* LOOKS GOOD TO ME!
AND SPUD DOES TO ME! BUT I'M SURE WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE END FROM HEDY!
HOW CAN YOU COMPARE THOSE WEAK-LOOKING SQUARES WITH A *HUNK* OF MASCULINE BEAUTY LIKE CHUCK! WHY, HE'S A MOVIE STAR COMPARED TO *THEM!*
HERE COMES CHUCK NOW!
*YIPE!*
HI, HONEY!
LIFE GUARD
LATER...
PSST! GOSH, HEDY, WE SURE DO *ENVY* YOU! YOU'RE *ALWAYS* SO LUCKY IN GETTING THE *REAL HE-MEN!*
OH, *SHUT UP!*
THE END

# FOOD FOR FUN

**SPUD SOUP . . .**

For a quick warmer-upper at dinner on one of those cold winter nights, how about trying this different potato soup?

Six or seven small onions are peeled and sliced and put in a pan with a goodly amount of butter and a cupful of thin celery slices. These are sauteed until they become yellow, but do not let them brown. Then in goes a quart of rich milk—add a little cream if the milk seems on the skimmed side. Let all heat through and transfer to the top of a double boiler, where the mixture should cook for 45 minutes or so.

Dice enough peeled raw potatoes to make 2½ cupfuls, and boil them for 10 minutes in salted water. Blend 2 tablespoons of flour with 2 tablespoons of butter and add it to the milk and vegetables, putting the potatoes in at the same time. Let the soup cook until the vegetables and potatoes are soft and thick. Then check it for seasoning and serve in deep bowls with toast or pilot biscuit.

Feed it to family or guests—they'll all forget the meaning of "cold"!

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Party Cookies...

made with Tootsie CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

fudge 'n frosting mix

TOOTSIE COOKIE CRUNCHIES

½ cup shortening
1 package Tootsie Fudge Mix
7 tablespoons water
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

Mix the shortening, Tootsie Fudge Mix, and water together until the mixture is smooth and creamy. Add the dry ingredients gradually and beat until thoroughly blended.

Drop the batter by the ½ teaspoonful onto a greased cookie sheet allowing 2" space between each cookie. Bake at 350° F. for 12 minutes. Yields 5-6 dozen.

TOOTSIE FUDGE DROP COOKIES

½ cup shortening
2 cups Tootsie Fudge Mix
1 beaten egg
½ cup of milk
1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream the shortening and the Tootsie Fudge Mix together; add the beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Add the milk and the remaining dry ingredients alternately, beating after each addition. Drop the batter by the teaspoonful onto a greased cookie sheet and bake at 350° F. for 12-15 minutes. Space cookies 2" apart. Makes 4-5 dozen cookies.

and icing, too...

TOOTSIE CHOCOLATE CREAM ICING

1/3 cup shortening
1 package Tootsie Fudge Mix
4 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

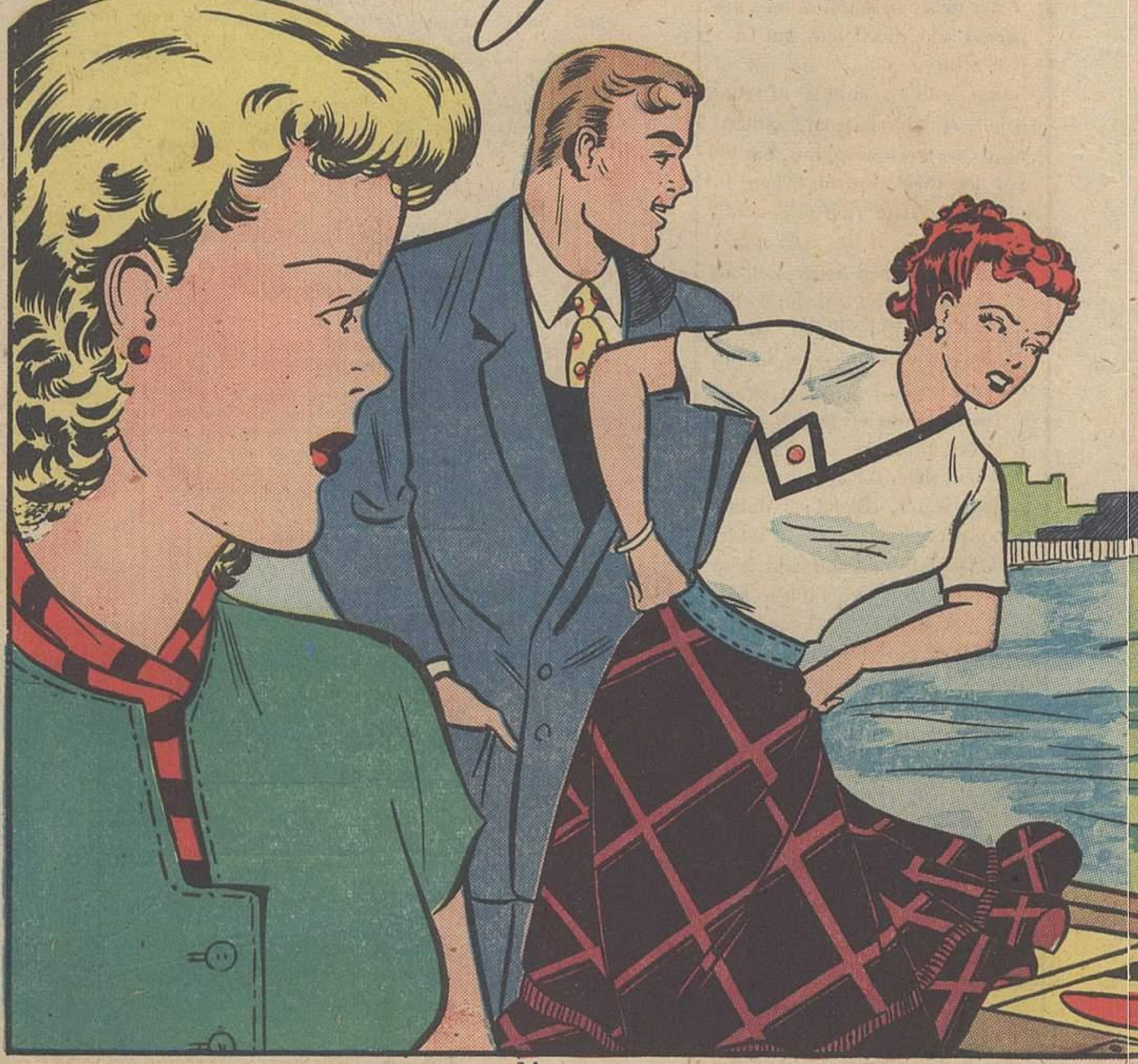
Cream the shortening; add the Tootsie Fudge Mix and milk, mixing until smooth. Flavor with vanilla and mix to thoroughly combine. Spread on 9" layers or on loaf cake.

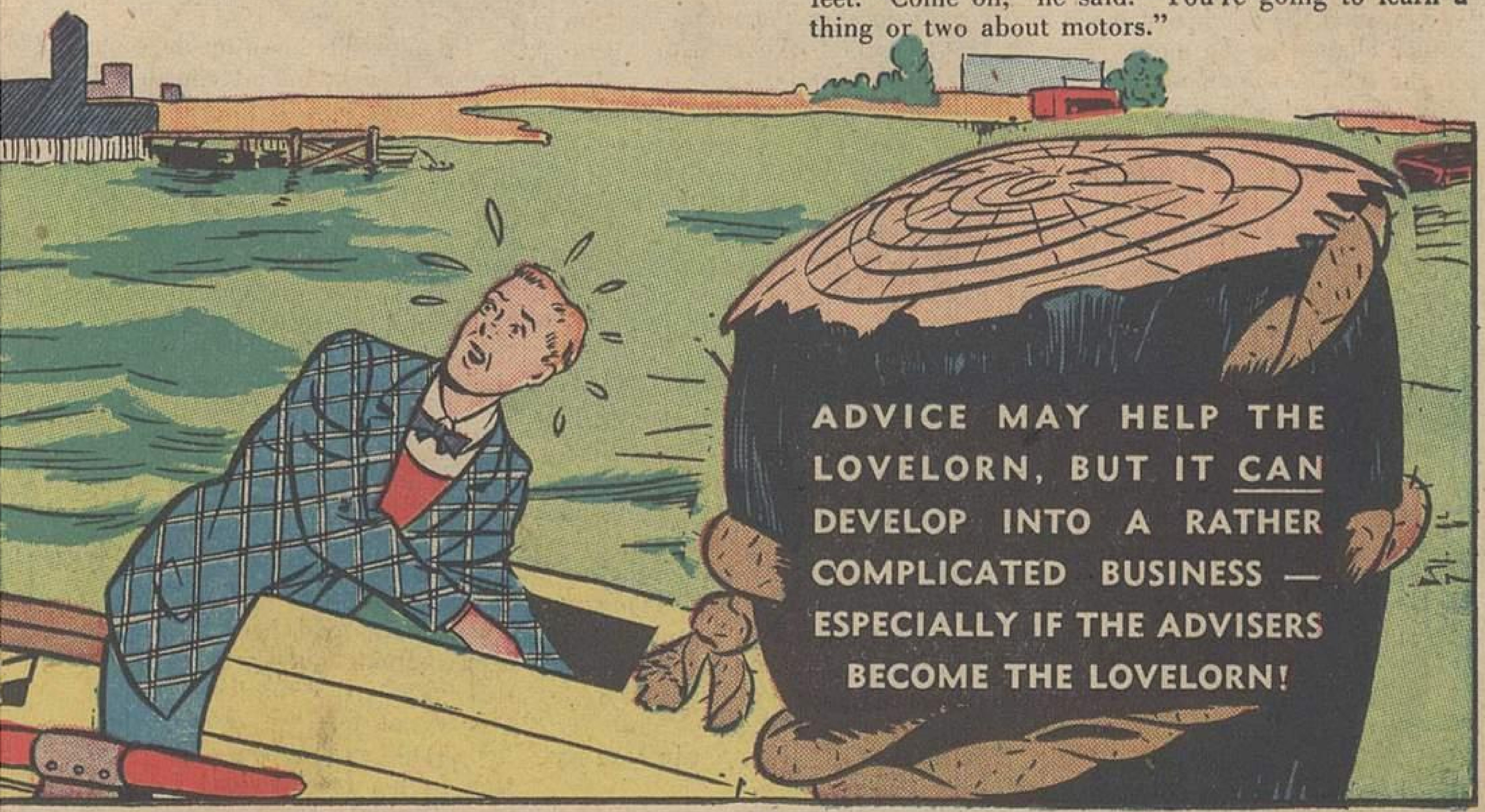
You'll love... Tootsie fudge 'n frosting mix

by the makers of famous Tootsie Rolls

# PASS THE ROMANCE, Sugar

By **TRIPP HAMMOND**





ADVICE MAY HELP THE LOVELORN, BUT IT CAN DEVELOP INTO A RATHER COMPLICATED BUSINESS — ESPECIALLY IF THE ADVISERS BECOME THE LOVELORN!

**"So, Chuck Winters," Susan said through her teeth, "this is what you meant by having to start football training!"**

"LOVE," proclaimed Tina Bell, "is a practical joke played on us by Mother Nature." She spoke these bitter words aloud because she was sitting under a tree on a lonely hilltop and she had every right to think she was by herself. It happened that she was not.

"Did you say that, or did I?" a voice asked.

Tina jumped and turned. From around the tree trunk a male head appeared, and surprised blue eyes stared into hers. "I *beg* your pardon," she said.

"You were reading my mind," the boy accused her.

"I *never* read peoples' minds," she said indignantly. "I mind my own business. Why don't you try it?"

"That's just it," the boy said. He stood up, and she saw that he was almost six feet tall. He sat down beside her. "I *was* minding my own business. I was sitting there thinking that love is one of Nature's practical jokes when along comes a cute little blonde and takes the words right off the tip of my mind. Do you blame me for being upset?"

"*Boys!*" Tina said bitterly. "What trouble do *they* have with romance? A girl has to use all her wits and wiles to get a boy to date her even the least bit steadily, and what happens? He rushes off the first time some new female crooks a finger at him. If a boy wants to date a girl, he just asks."

The boy snorted. "Maybe you know women, but you're a dumb bunny when it comes to men. Take me, for example. My suffering is intense. I spent all my ingenuity, imagination, energy and money on one girl, and what happens? She leaves me for a dimwit with muscles and a collection of swing records."

"Ha!" said Tina. "Maybe you understand men, but you're obviously a drip with women."

They looked at each other. Then the boy smiled. "If we're so smart," he said, "why don't we help each other? Just think of me as your ol' Uncle Spence Logan, and sob out your little troubles on this shoulder."

There was sympathy and humor in this fellow, Tina realized. "Why not?" she thought. So she told him about Chuck Winters, how she had tried to attract Chuck's attention in her freshman year, and how, when she was a sophomore, her efforts were rewarded. Chuck then could have been called her private property. But now, in her junior year, fresh fields had beckoned him, just a few weeks ago, and she hadn't had a date with him since.

Spence pursed his lips and nodded sagely.

"Okay," Tina said. "And now let Miss Bell give some advice to the lovelorn."

Spence told her about a beautiful girl who liked nothing but parties, movies and hot swing. He had tried to expose her to dates for two: drama, music, and culture in general, but it didn't take. She found a boy who liked parties, movies and hot swing.

"Your problem is simple," Tina said. "You've got to show more interest in her interests."

"Funny. That's obviously the answer to your problem," Spence said. "What does this problem of yours like?"

"Chasing girls," she said.

"What does he talk to them about when he catches them?"

"Motors," she said. "Nothing but gasoline motors. Especially the one in that disreputable old jalopy of his."

Spence grinned and stood up, pulling her to her feet. "Come on," he said. "You're going to learn a thing or two about motors."

"What won't a woman do for romance!" she exclaimed, amazed. On the way back to town she took his arm. "I have a plan for you, too. Do you know the Riverside Boat Club?"

"That swanky place on the river about ten miles down?"

She nodded. "Tommy Lyle and his orchestra are playing there. That's the best dance band in the country so you're taking your girl next Saturday."

Spence shuddered. Then he brightened. "A show like that would be sold out weeks in advance," he said hopefully.

"Tommy Lyle went to school with my uncle," Tina said. "I'll get him to get you a table and make him give you a big build up in front of your girl. That should really impress her."

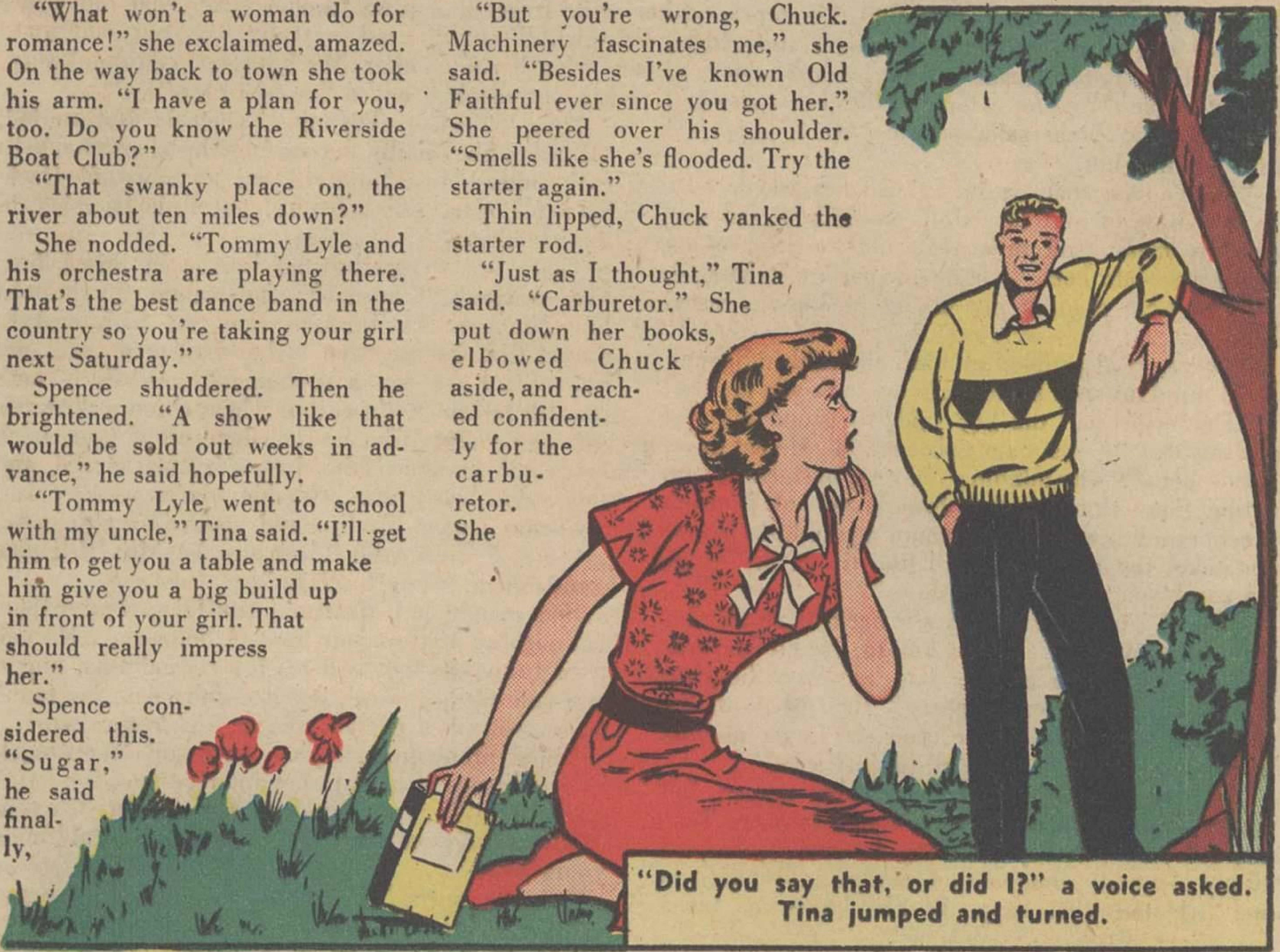
Spence considered this. "Sugar," he said finally, "you've talked me into it."

Fifteen minutes before school let out the next day Tina left her study hall and made her way to the parking lot. She found Chuck's car, opened the hood, and made a minor change in the motor. Back in the school, she stood at a window through which she could watch the parking lot. Shortly after the bell rang, she saw Chuck come out with a willowy red-headed girl clinging to his arm. The couple got into the car, and Chuck began to fiddle with the controls. The other cars left. Still Chuck fiddled. Finally, the girl got out, slammed the door and walked off, her nose in the air. Chuck kicked the tires and was pulling open the hood just as Tina happened to be passing by. "Why, *Chuck,*" she said, "don't tell me Old Faithful's giving you trouble."

Chuck was not in a happy mood. "Oh, go away," he said.

"Maybe I could help."

"Look, all women think a motor is something that gets oil on you if you touch it. You're no different," he said. "Beat it."



**"Did you say that, or did I?" a voice asked. Tina jumped and turned.**

"But you're wrong, Chuck. Machinery fascinates me," she said. "Besides I've known Old Faithful ever since you got her." She peered over his shoulder. "Smells like she's flooded. Try the starter again."

Thin lipped, Chuck yanked the starter rod.

"Just as I thought," Tina said. "Carburetor." She put down her books, elbowed Chuck aside, and reached confidently for the carburetor. She adjusted it to the way it was before she'd changed it a half hour ago. "Now try it," she instructed.

Sneering, Chuck yanked the rod again. A look of amazement crossed his face as the motor caught. He regarded Tina with open-mouthed surprise.

"She could use a new fan belt," Tina said, picking up her books, "and those plugs could stand a cleaning." She patted the fender affectionately and left.

"Wait!" Chuck came running after her. "Tina, I never knew you cared—about Old Faithful, I mean."

There was scorn in Tina's glance. "How can you practically live with a car for a year and not have any feeling for it?" she asked. "Why, that old bit of animated tin has a real personality."

"Gosh!" Chuck said, emotion making his voice shake. "Have you noticed that, too?" He grabbed her arm. "Let me give you a lift home. It's the least I can do."

Tina hesitated, but not too long. "Just like old times," she said as they started.

He grinned. "Except that you're not giving me that line about Shakespeare and Rembrandt and Beethoven. Imagine your knowing all that stuff—and mechanics, too!"

"I don't really know much about motors, Chuck, but of course I'd like to," she said innocently. "For instance, Dad has a new powerboat, and he said I could take it out on the river next Saturday, but the motor in *that* scares me to death."

Chuck slammed on the brakes. He turned to her, his eyes gleaming. "A *motorboat!* They're my specialty, Tina!" he exclaimed. "You mean you're going out in it *alone?*"

Tina had a sudden inspiration. "I was thinking of taking a couple with me, friends of mine, down to hear Tommy Lyle. Tommy's giving me a table."

Chuck shook his head. "To drive a terrific new motorboat, to dance to Tommy Lyle's music, all in one evening, all for free!" He grabbed her shoulders. There was desperation in his face. "Tina! I've always been good to you, haven't I? You wouldn't deny your old pal the chance of a lifetime like this, would you?"

"Why, *Chuck*," she said softly, "I wouldn't dream of coming between you and that new little friend of yours."

He shook her. "Susan wouldn't have to know—I mean—oh, Tina, *please*!"

After school the next day Tina met Spence Logan in the back booth of the Sweet Shoppe. "Sugar, you're a genius," he greeted her. "My girl gave me the old swoon act when I asked her for a date next Saturday. Of course, the attraction was Tommy Lyle's orchestra, not me," he added.

"I know," she agreed. "My beau went for your gag, too, but the motor angle got him, not my devastating charm." Then she brightened as she told him about her new plan for the four of them to go to the dance together.

"Moonlight and water," he said. "The perfect setting for romance!"

"And if our respective loves seem slightly indifferent, we might make them just a little bit jealous."

He took both her hands. "Sugar, we can't miss!"

. . . Chuck had the hatch of the boat open and was ecstatically examining the huge motor.

"You'd better get out of there," Tina told him. "I think the other couple is coming." She saw Spence's tall form step out of the shadows and, smiling, went to meet him. Then she saw the girl with him—and her smile froze. It was the red-headed girl, Susan, Chuck's new friend. She barely heard Spence's casual introduction.

Then Susan saw Chuck. She stiffened. "*So*, Chuck Winters," she said through her teeth, "*this* is what you meant by having to start football training!"

Chuck blushed, but he recovered quickly. "And this is what *you* meant by having to visit a sick relative."

They glared at each other while Tina clutched Spence's arm. "Of all the girls in the world," she whispered, "why, oh, *why* did you have to like the one that got Chuck?"

"Oh, no!" Spence exclaimed.

Susan turned back to Spence. "I don't approve of your friends," she said disdainfully, "but nothing is going to keep me away from this dance."

Chuck reached for Tina. "Get in," he said.

Spence and Susan sat in back, Chuck and Tina in front. Chuck kicked the starter, and the powerful boat roared out into the river. "Women give me a pain in the neck!" Chuck said grimly. "Tina, did you have anything to do with this pleasant little setup?"

"Believe me, Chuck, I had no idea Susan was Spence's old girl friend."

He nodded glumly. "I believe you. It would take someone really smart to dream up a deal like this," he said. He yanked the throttle wide-open. "In a way I'm glad. It shows me what that redhead is really like. She and that character with her can fall overboard for all I care."

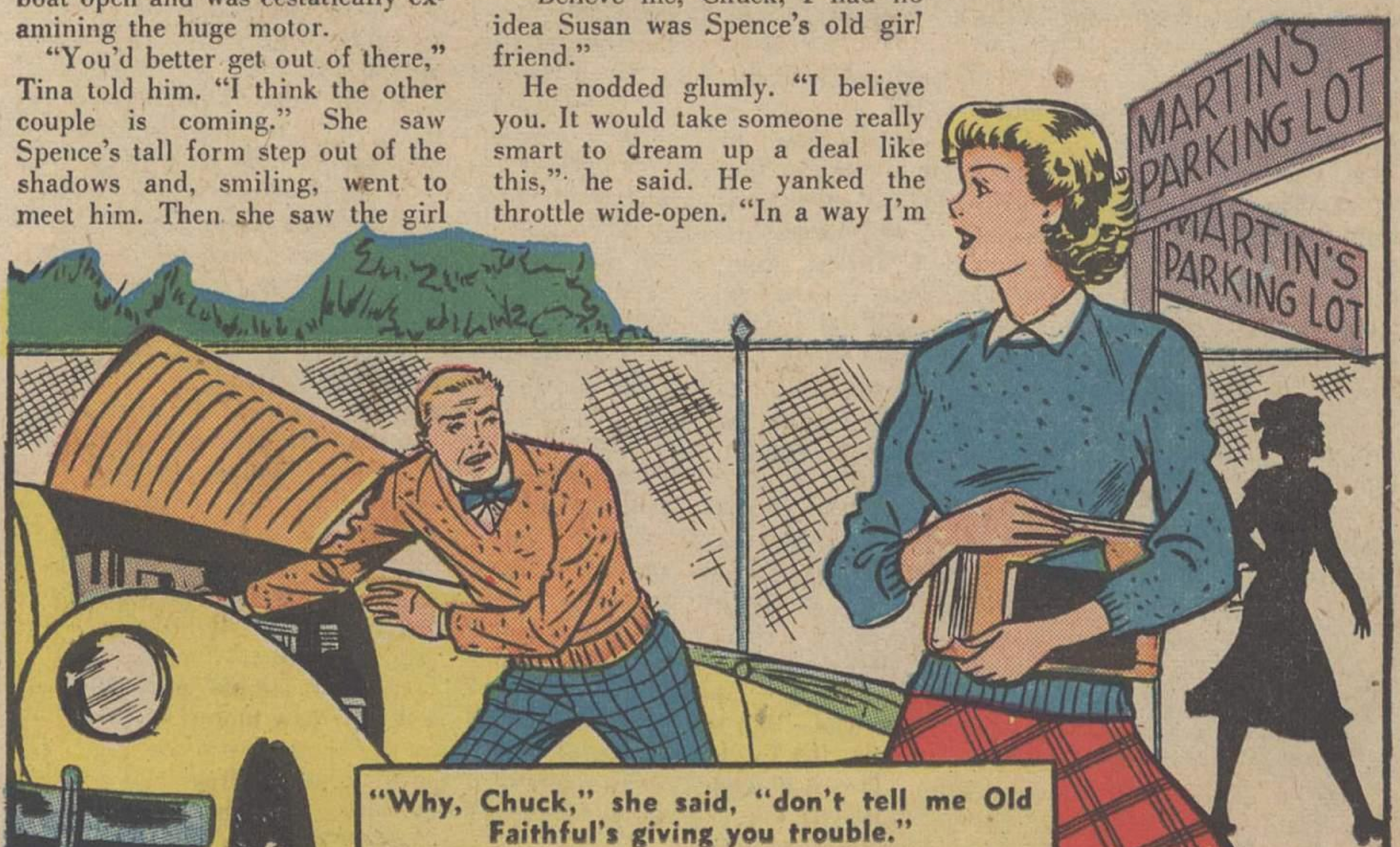
They rode in silence. But gradually the moonlight, the silver spray of water, the perfumed air and the powerful motor began to affect Chuck. He relaxed, then turned, grinned at Tina, and patted her hand. Tina looked over her shoulder into the back seat. Susan glared at her, then smiled sweetly at Spence. Tina began to feel better. Maybe this was the best thing that could have happened.

The Riverside Boat Club was both elegant and expensive. Inside, Chuck's eyes widened as he looked around. "Boy, what a place!" he exclaimed.

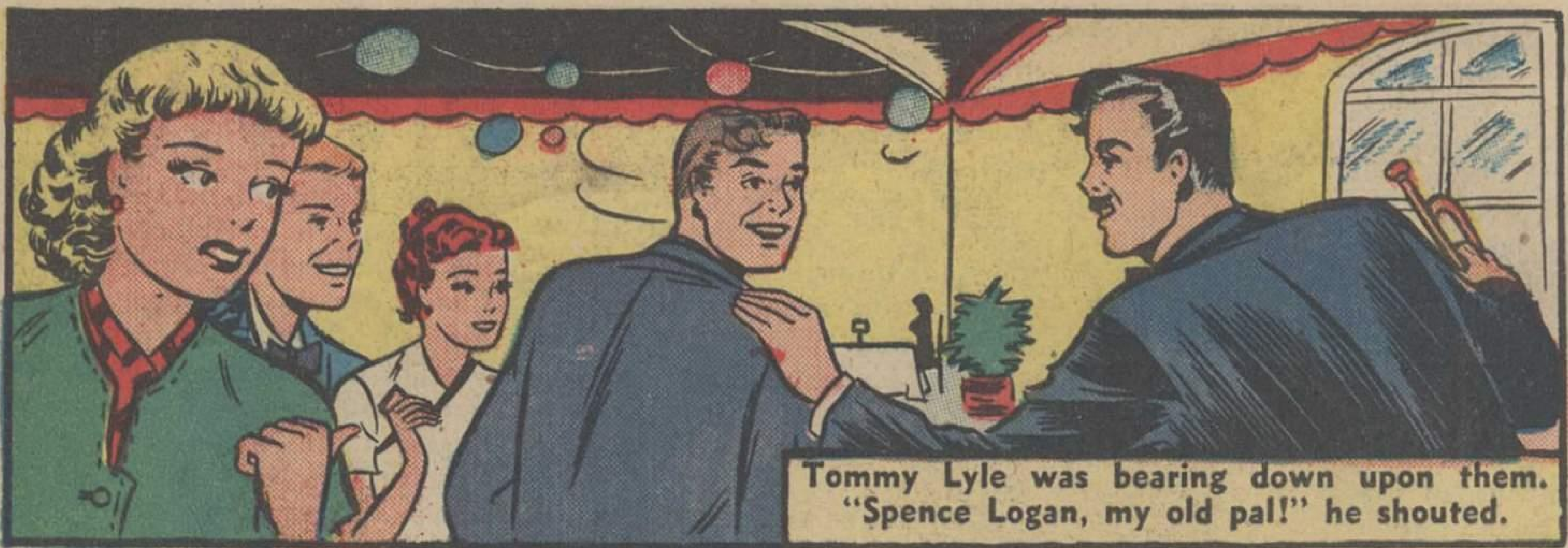
Behind them Tina heard Susan say to Spence, "This is the kind of class I belong in. Why didn't you ever bring me here before?"

Then Tommy Lyle was bearing down upon them. "Spence Logan, my old pal!" he shouted. Surreptitiously, Tina pointed Spence out, and Tommy thumped him on the back. "I'm flattered. Never thought I could get you to come listen to my music."

Spence laughed easily. "You know how it is, Tom," he said. "My girl here thinks you're dream



**"Why, Chuck," she said, "don't tell me Old Faithful's giving you trouble."**



Tommy Lyle was bearing down upon them. "Spence Logan, my old pal!" he shouted.

stuff." Spence made the introductions. Tommy gave Tina a private wink and squeezed her hand. Then he turned to Susan.

"So you're the girl Spence has been telling me about," he said. "He can certainly pick them! I always say that any girl friend of Spence's is a friend of mine." He bent over and bowed gallantly to Susan. "Now, kids, I have a table for you right on the edge of the dance floor. Order anything you want. The party's on me." He made the arrangements for them and left.

Susan slowly began to come out of a rosy daze. As she turned to Spence, her eyes were as big as saucers. "Spencer Logan, why didn't you ever tell me you were a friend of Tommy Lyle's?" she breathed.

Spence gave Tina a look before he answered, "I guess it simply never occurred to me."

"You're just my big mystery man," Susan cooed.

Tina felt almost ill. She turned to Chuck to see if he were, by any chance, jealous. But he, too, seemed to be coming out of a daze. "Gosh," he said, "we're guests of Tommy Lyle's!"

"Are you going to dance?" Tina snapped. "Or are you just going to sit there and gawk?"

As always, Chuck danced with a mad abandon that gave no consideration to anyone else on the floor. The place was crowded, and within fifteen minutes Tina was sore from head to foot. She watched Spence longingly as his smooth, effortless glide kept perfect rhythm without colliding into other couples. But Chuck and Susan were still not speaking to each other, which meant that Tina never had even a moment alone with Spence. Susan grew increasingly coquettish with Spence, and Chuck retaliated by showing more and more fondness for Tina.

The climax came shortly before the end of the dance when Chuck was pushing her through the packed couples on the floor. "Tina, I've been thinking," he said. "Susan isn't really for me. Besides, I'm no competition with a character who's a personal friend of Tommy Lyle's. How about you and me taking up where we left off?"

This was triumph. Tina broke away from him. "I'm very touched, Chuck," she said. "I . . . I think I'd like a moment alone to compose myself and think this over."

"Sure. I understand. Happiness does funny things to girls," he said sympathetically. "I'll be waiting for you at the table."

When she returned ten minutes later, Spence wasn't there, and Chuck and Susan were frigidly not looking at each other. "Tina," he greeted her, "from now on Chuck is dating no one but you. How do you like that?"

Haughtily, Susan sniffed and tossed her head. Spence came back at that moment, and Tina breathed a sigh of relief. When the dance was over a few minutes later, she felt even better, and when she thought of the ride home in the moonlight on the river, her heart began to beat faster.

In the boat once more, Chuck pushed the starter. Nothing happened. He pushed again, then again and again and again. The motor just wouldn't start. He opened the hatch and fiddled with the engine. No luck. Tina saw he was getting desperate.

Spence leaned forward. "My uncle lives across the river," he said. "Maybe he'd tow us back."

A voice called down to them. "You kids need help?" It was Tommy. "My car's full, but I could take two of you."

Susan jumped up. "Oh, Mr. Lyle, *please* take me."

"But I can't go," Spence said. "I have to get my uncle."

"Chuck, I suppose you'd better go with Susan," Tina said sadly.

When they'd gone, Spence opened the hatch and put a wire back into the engine, then rejoined Tina. "I have a confession, Tina," he said. "I have no uncle, and I fixed the motor so it wouldn't run." He pressed the starter. "I wanted those two to leave us. I thought maybe they'd take a taxi."

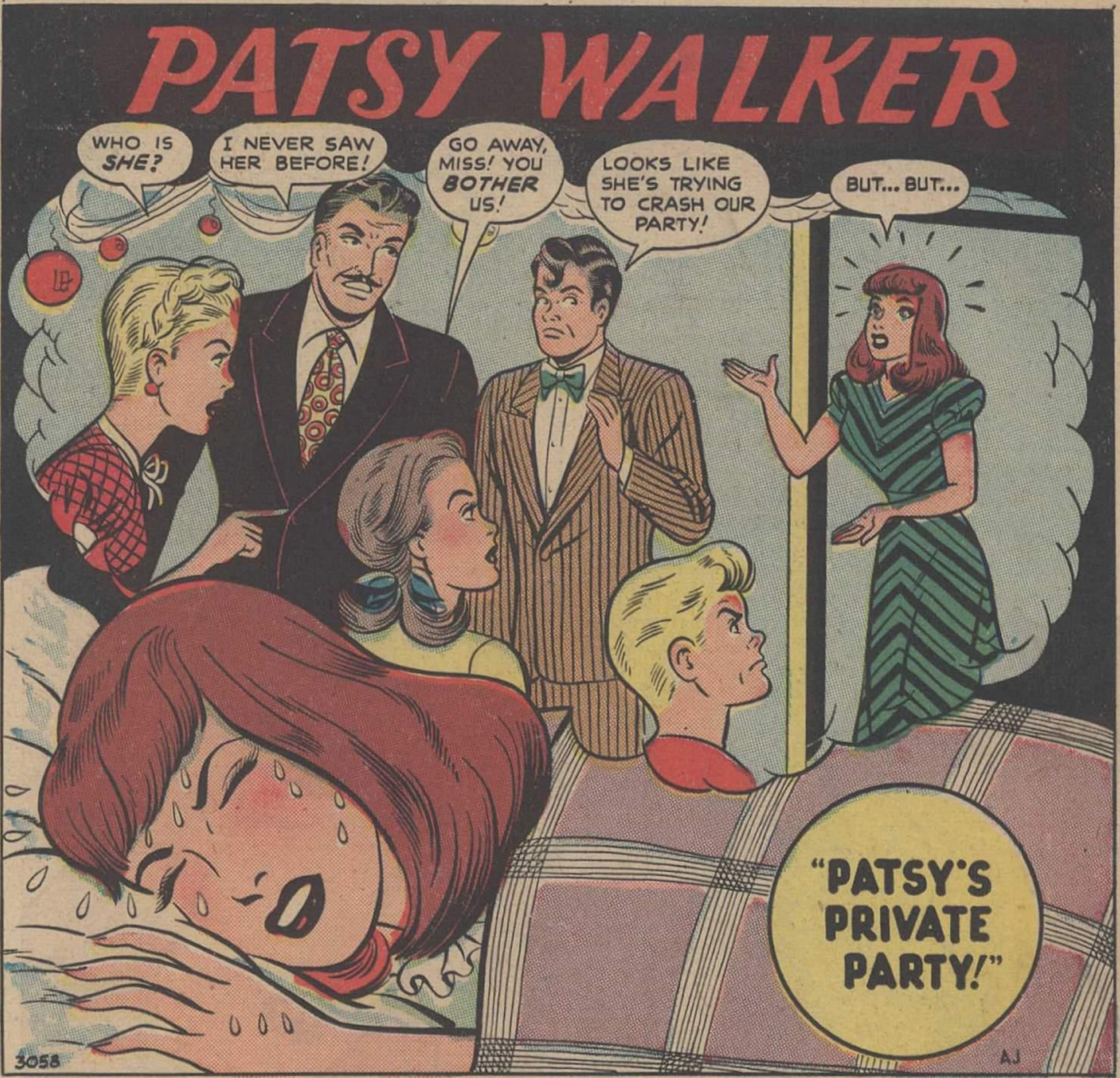
"But, Spence—why?"

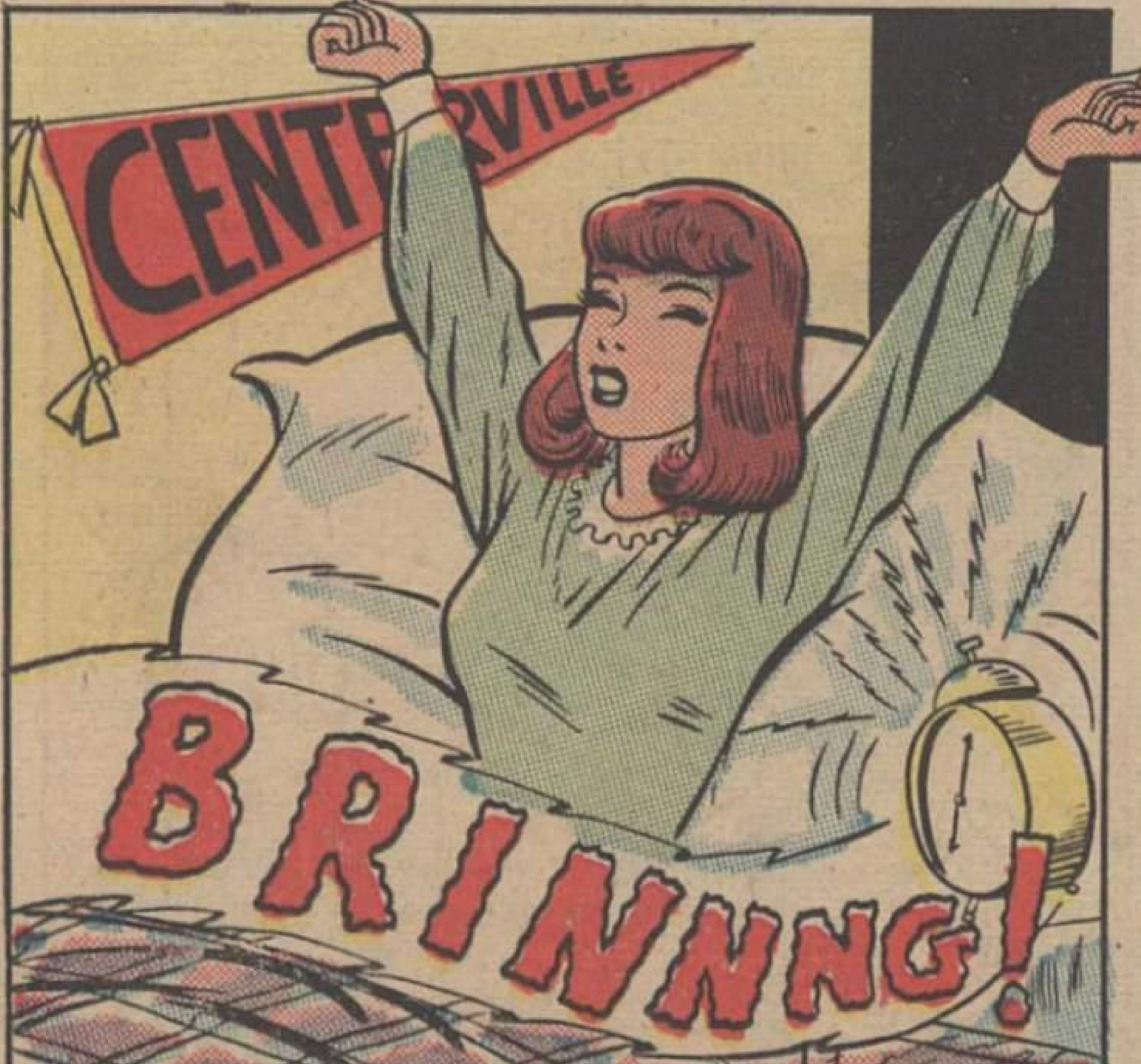
"Tina, another minute with Susan, and I'm not sure what I might have done. You said once I knew nothing about women. Well, I'm learning. After meeting you, I can't see what I saw in her." He pushed the starter a second time, then a third and a fourth. "I've spoiled things for you and Chuck. I know how terrible I am, but I couldn't help it. Can you forgive me?" He tried the starter again.

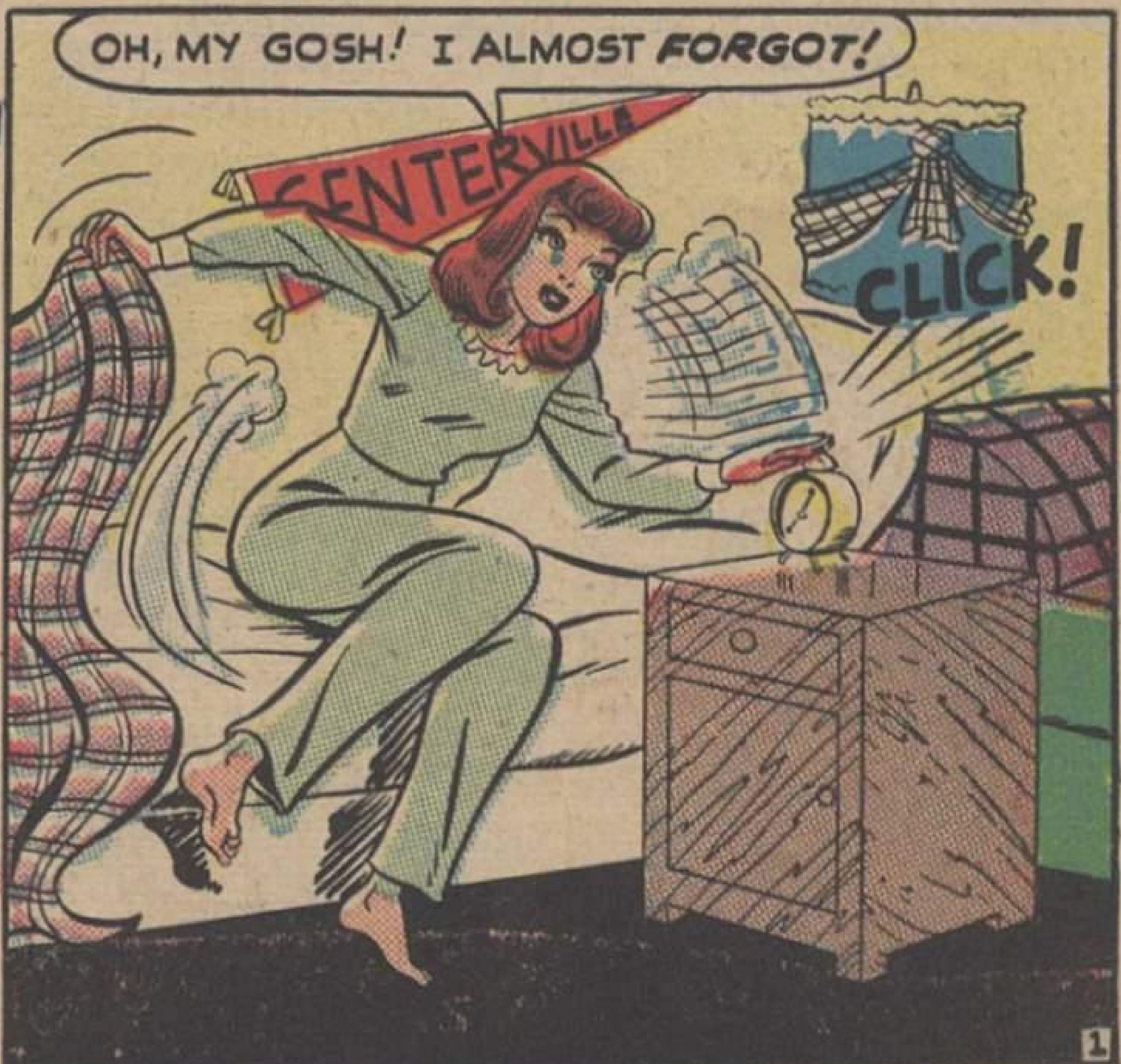
"Oh, Spence!" Tina cried. She got up, opened the hatch, and readjusted the carburetor. "You still have an *awful* lot to learn about women!"

The sound of the motor and Tina's soft laughter blended and drifted across the night-scented water.

THE END


PATSY WALKER
WHO IS *SHE?*
I NEVER SAW HER BEFORE!
GO AWAY, MISS! YOU *BOTHER* US!
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S TRYING TO CRASH OUR PARTY!
BUT... BUT...
"PATSY'S PRIVATE PARTY!"
3058
AJ


CENTERVILLE
BRINNNG!


OH, MY GOSH! I ALMOST *FORGOT!*
CENTERVILLE
CLICK!
1

IMAGINE! I ALMOST FORGOT THAT TODAY IS MY **BIRTHDAY!** GOLLY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GO DOWNSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT WONDERFUL SURPRISES MY DEAR FAMILY HAS IN STORE FOR ME!
GOOD MORNING, MOM, DEAR! ISN'T THIS A **GLORIOUS** DAY?
IT CERTAINLY IS, DEAR! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS DAY FOR **WEEKS!**
YOU **HAVE?**
YES! IT'S THE NICEST WEATHER WE'VE HAD IN A WEEK, AND I'M GOING TO SPEND THE ENTIRE DAY **SHOPPING!**
**SHOPPING?** OH!
OH! HELLO, DADDY! I'LL BET **YOU** HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT DAY THIS IS!
I CERTAINLY HAVEN'T, PATSY!
S.W.
THIS IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE **TROUT** SEASON, AND I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!
FISHING? **OOHHH!**
2

HI'YA, PATSY! CONGRATULATIONS!
MICKEY, YOU SWEETHEART! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO REMEMBERED!
OF COURSE I REMEMBERED! AND ANY TIME THAT I SEE YOU ***GET UP FROM BED BEFORE NOON DURING VACATION,*** I'LL CONGRATULATE YOU AGAIN!
OH, YOU LITTLE ***DEVIL!***
WHAT'S THE USE? I CAN SEE NOW THAT MY ***FAMILY*** ARE INTERESTED ONLY IN THEIR OWN SELFISH SELVES! BUT I CAN CONSOLE MYSELF WITH THE FACT THAT I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON MY ***FRIENDS!***
LATER...
HELLO, BUZZ ... NANCY! I KNOW AT LEAST ***YOU*** TWO WON'T LET ME DOWN! YOU'LL HELP ME CELEBRATE MY ***BIRTHDAY,*** WON'T YOU, DEAR FRIENDS?
I WISH I COULD, PATSY, BUT I HAVE A ***DATE!*** WELL, HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANYWAY!
WELL, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PATSY! AND I MUST ADMIT THAT WITH EACH YEAR YOU ADD, YOU ADD THAT MUCH ***BEAUTY,*** TOO!
OH, THANK YOU, KIND SIR! BUZZ, YOU'RE THE ONLY TRUE FRIEND I HAVE LEFT! YOUR WORDS ARE A SOURCE OF COURAGE AND COMFORT TO ME IN THIS, MY HOUR OF GREATEST NEED!
NOW HOW'LL WE CELEBRATE? A MOVIE? OR PERHAPS A DANCE?
NEITHER, I FEAR! PATSY, I'M SORRY... BUT I'M BUSY TONIGHT, TOO! I'VE GOT A ***VERY SPECIAL DATE!***
3

THIS IS TOO MUCH! FIRST MY FAMILY FORSAKES ME... AND NOW MY BEST "FRIENDS" HAVE LET ME DOWN!
15¢ 15¢
LARGEST SODA IN TOWN
?
HA! HA! HA! DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON HER FACE, BUZZ!
YOU BET I DID, NANCY! AND I COULD HARDLY KEEP FROM LAUGHING! WE SURE PUT ONE OVER ON HER THAT TIME!
IF SHE ONLY KNEW THAT THE DATE WE HAVE IS WITH EACH OTHER, SHE'D REALLY BLOW HER TOP!
I CAN JUST PICTURE HER EXPRESSION WHEN SHE FINDS THAT OUT!
SO THAT'S IT! "MY FRIEND" NANCY WAS STEALING BUZZ BEHIND MY BACK! AND ON MY BIRTHDAY, TOO! THE DOUBLE-CROSSING SCHEMERS! THIS IS INDEED THE BITTEREST PILL OF ALL TO SWALLOW!
BUT LIFE MUST GO ON! I'LL START OVER AGAIN! I'LL GO OUT AND TREAT MYSELF TO A SWELL TIME! I'LL LAUGH! HA! HA! HA! AND BE GAY! HA! HA! HA! I'LL FORGET MY TROUBLES, PERFIDIOUS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES! I'LL CELEBRATE ALONE!
AND SO...
HERE YOU ARE, MISS... JUST AS YOU ORDERED! I'LL WRAP IT FOR YOU IN A MIN...
NO! DON'T WRAP IT! I'LL EAT IT HERE! I'M CELEBRATING MY BIRTHDAY! (SNIFF!)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PATSY!
4

AND AT A SWEET SHOP...
BUT MISS, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT ANOTHER? THIS IS YOUR FOURTH BANANA SPLIT FUDGE SUNDAE!
I'M SURE! AND I'LL HAVE A PIECE OF THAT PIE TOO!
GOLLY, I'M HAVING A SWELL TIME, B-BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD! (ULP!)
CANDY
G-GOLLY! I'M L-LUCKY I MADE IT HOME! (WHEW!) I HOPE I NEVER SEE CANDY, ICE CREAM, OR CAKE AGAIN AS LONG AS I (ULP!) LIVE! IF I LIVE THAT L-LONG!
SURPRISE!
?
G-GOSH! AND I THOUGHT YOU ALL FORGOT ME!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR PATSY! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...
HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, DEAR?
OH, MOTHER! I'VE NEVER FELT MORE WONDERFUL IN ALL MY LIFE!
WELL, WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT FOR YOU HERE!
NOW WHY D'YOU SUPPOSE SHE SCREAMED, TURNED PALE, AND RACED UPSTAIRS?
? ? ? ?
HAPPY BIRTHDAY PATSY
THE END

# MIRROR, MIRROR...

**By ROSALIE F. WILSON**

EVERYONE KNOWS THE STORY OF THE UGLY DUCKLING THAT TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL SWAN. MADELON CHANGED, TOO—BUT COULD SHE TRUST HER MIRROR?

MADELON could hear them chattering away downstairs, their talk and their laughter pitched several octaves above the normal tone they used for the grocer and their own families.

She examined herself critically in the full-length mirror of the closet door. Her dark hair was brushed into a smooth and shining cap of black that curled just the slightest bit where it touched her shoulders. Her eyes were widely spaced and gray, and they held a level, inquiring look.

The girl ran her hands over the soft cashmere sweater that hugged her waistline, and sighed. She didn't need her mirror to assure her that she had a waistline now and that her hips were smooth and her stomach taut beneath the gray flannel skirt. Memories of the desserts denied, the malteds refused, the candy avoided, the exercises so resolutely practiced, were too fresh in her mind.

She turned at last and came down the stairs into the living room. There were two tables of bridge, and the air was blue with smoke.

"Madelon, my dear," that was Mrs. Wickwright, "how well you're looking!"

"Thank you," Madelon said.

Mrs. Ansel turned to her mother. "She's turning into quite a little beauty. Really I had no idea twenty pounds could make such a difference." She giggled and reached for another chocolate cream. "If I thought it would do as much for me, I'd go on a diet myself."

Madelon grinned wryly. Mrs. Ansel, she thought, even minus twenty pounds, would still be a featherheaded dumpling.

Mrs. Fairweather fanned her cards expertly. "Of course, those dreadful braces she wore didn't help her appearance any, either."

Madelon's mother smiled over their heads at her. "Going out, chick?"

She nodded shyly, grateful for the chance to escape.

In the hall she slipped into her heavy tweed coat and adjusted the green-lined hood over her dark hair. Then she opened the front door and went out into the chill, crisp air.

I hate them, she thought angrily. So smug and so sure of themselves. They talk about you like you weren't there. *My, haven't you changed?* When they really mean, *she used to be such a dumpy little thing. . . . She's turning into quite a beauty.* And meaning, *who would ever have expected it of such a homely child?*

She turned up the driveway at Letty Thompson's house, rang the bell and stood, shivering slightly, on the porch. The door opened.

"Well," George Thompson said, "if it isn't beautiful!"

She brushed past George and hurried to the fireplace, spreading her hands to the blaze. "Umm. That feels wonderful. Where's Letty?"

George dropped back into the deep armchair, his finger keeping his place in the book. "Down at the drug store. She should be back soon." He gestured toward the armchair opposite his.

Madelon dropped into it gracefully.

Letty's brother George, she thought, was a taller, older, masculine version of Letty — except that the blond hair, which was smooth and well-brushed on George, was lanky and vaguely untidy on Letty. His height, which he carried well, was in direct contrast to Letty's self-conscious little slump, which she imagined made her appear shorter. But the bright blue, candidly clear eyes they both possessed were attractively identical.

"Well," George asked lazily, "have you set the date? It's time I settled down with a sensible, homely woman and became a solid citizen."

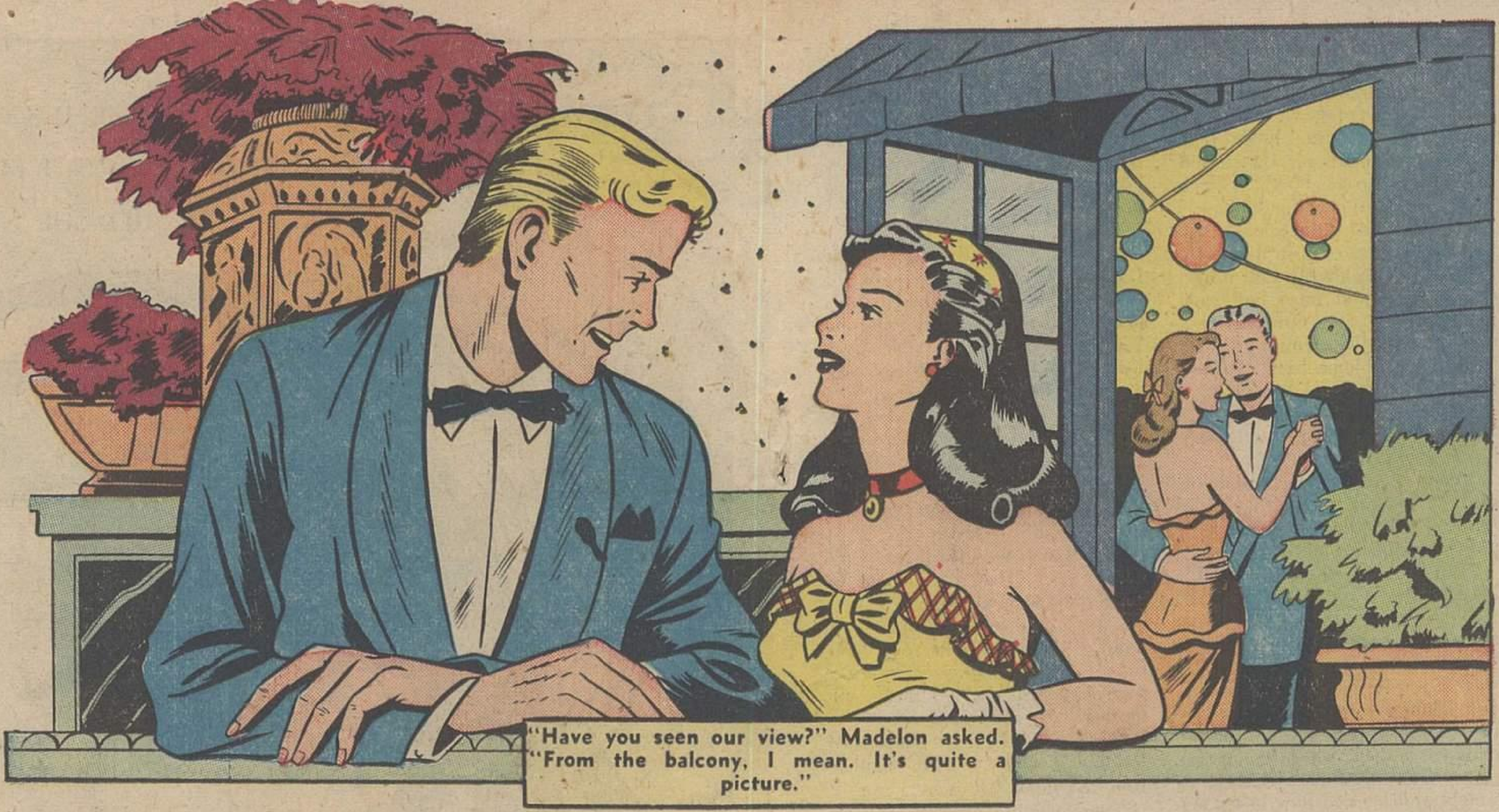
"You've always fascinated me, too," Madelon assured him.

His lean, attractive face lighted when he smiled, and Madelon felt, with a little surge of pleasure, that his glance held admiration. George was in college, and until now he had never noticed his sister's friends with anything more than a remote Olympian tolerance.

She leaned back in her chair and looked at the fire. Her eyelashes, she was aware, would be making deep, attractive shadows on her cheeks. George put his book on the coffee table and watched her, his glance quizzical.

The door opened then, and a cold gust of wind sent the fire leaping. Letty pushed it shut and turned toward the room. Her cheeks and the tip of her nose were red with cold.

"Madelon!" she squealed.


"Have you seen our view?" Madelon asked. "From the balcony, I mean. It's quite a picture."

It didn't matter, Madelon thought, that Letty saw her every afternoon and had seen her every afternoon all through high school—she was always freshly surprised and delighted. It was oddly comforting.

Letty shrugged off her coat and dragged a hassock up close to the blaze. "Two weeks to go," she groaned, "and still no bid."

The prom was uppermost in both their minds.

"But what about Tom Jordan?" Madelon asked.

"I saw Marge at the drug store. He asked her."

"Oh, dear."

Letty grinned wryly. "That's what I said."

"It would seem," George observed, "that Pop will have to drag his old tails out of moth balls."

Letty stared moodily into the fire. "I won't go to the prom with my father. Dad's swell, but when you're a complete and utter failure, you don't go around advertising the fact."

"Oh, I don't know," George said kindly. "You're not really repulsive. And anyway you have a beautiful character."

"That," Letty said coldly, "is going too far."

"How would it be," he asked, "if I dragged old Thaddeus down for the prom week end?"

Letty's blue eyes lighted up. "George, you wouldn't!"

"I might," he admitted.

"But he's so smooth!" Letty squealed. "He's even taller than I am, and he oozes charm, and his eyes crinkle when he smiles. Would he come, do you think?"

"He owes me ten bucks," George assured her confidently.

"But wouldn't he feel out of place at a high school dance?"

"Well, of course, *I'll* be there, too."

"*You?*"

"Certainly me. I have to keep an eye on my investment."

"But whom will you take?"

"Madelon," said George, turning toward her to see her reaction.

Letty turned to the girl. "Honestly?"

"He used lighted cigarettes on the soles of my feet," Madelon told her, smiling.

. . . The Turkish Room, where the prom was held, was decked with flowers, and all around the balcony were suspended bird cages containing live canaries that twittered an accompaniment to the music.

Letty turned to Madelon. "I probably need powder or lipstick or something."

In the lounge Letty hugged herself rapturously. "Isn't Thad Cabot divine?"

"Quite a boy," Madelon agreed.

"I've had a crush on him since I was four," Letty confided shyly. "Our families are old friends."

Madelon turned slowly before the mirror. In the full-skirted yellow organdy her waist appeared infinitesimal.

"Quite a boy," she said again, thoughtfully.

She examined Letty with narrowed eyes. Letty looked well in the blue crepe that exactly matched her eyes. Her hair was still fluffy from the recent brushing, and she was standing up straight. Letty would be really pretty, Madelon decided with a touch of surprise, if only she put a little effort into it.

Thad Cabot appeared to be of the same opinion. He had eyes only for Letty, and under his attentions she seemed to blossom. Her teeth, when she laughed, were white and even. And she laughed often.

The evening was half gone before Madelon realized that, although she had danced every dance and been cut in on by every male member of the senior class, Thad was paying attention to Letty alone. The four of them were together at the table when the orchestra began the softly coaxing tones of a rhumba.

Thad turned to Letty. "This is for us."

Letty grinned. "I have rhumba aspirations, but a pair of waltzing feet. Maybe we ought to ignore it."

Madelon looked directly at Thad. "*I* could be persuaded to risk it."

He stood up quickly, courteously.

On the floor she discovered that he was a superlative dancer. She moved a little closer in his arms and bent her head so that the soft hair at her forehead would brush his chin.

"You could give lessons."

"There's an opinion from an expert."

She saw Jeff Mason approach behind Thad, and she shook her head at him. Jeff grinned and faded away.

"Have you seen our view?" she asked. "From the balcony, I mean. It's quite a picture."

He danced her toward the edge of the floor, and they slipped out the French doors onto the cool dark terrace. Resting their elbows on the railing, they could observe the tiny pinpoints of light that danced far below. From inside, the muted strains of the music reached out to them.

"Tell me all about you," Madelon murmured.

. . . When they returned to the table, George was alone, his face set in grim lines. Madelon laughed self-consciously. "I was showing Thad our view. We didn't realize that time was fleeting."

George stood up. "Excuse us," he told Thad.

They danced stiffly, George's anger a tangible thing.

"What are you trying to prove?" he asked curtly.

"What do you mean?" Madelon asked, confused.

"I mean, exactly what are you trying to find in each new pair of admiring eyes? Don't you believe you're beautiful? You are. Don't you trust your charm? You should. Don't you know you're popular? You've had proof of that all evening."

"You're hateful!" Madelon gasped. "Take me back to the table."

"Not until I'm through talking," George said harshly. "Vanity is all right. It's probably a great thing. But it's eating you up. Personally I don't care whether it devours you. But I don't like what *your* vanity has done to my sister.

"Right now," he told her, "Letty is crying her eyes out because she isn't particularly beautiful or popular. She's only an extremely nice girl. I asked Thad to show her a really good time tonight, and he was succeeding admirably until your ugly little vanity began demanding proof of your superiority." He glared at her helplessly. "Why couldn't you have left the guy alone?"

Madelon broke away from him, her face flaming, and ran to the powder room. Letty was there, her hair untidy, her eyes shiny with tears, the tip of her nose red from weeping.

Madelon dropped down on her knees beside her. "Letty honey, Thad's waiting for you."

"What the use?" Letty asked hopelessly. "He'd have a better time if I weren't here. He's been stuck with me all evening. Nobody but George has cut in."

Madelon patted the blue silk knee. "He hasn't seemed to notice. Apparently he thinks you're pretty special. All the while we were dancing, it was Letty—Letty—Letty, until I had to bring him back to the table to keep from going mad."

The girl stared searchingly at Madelon. "That's not true."

"Cross my heart. Come on now. Make with the comb and the powder puff before our impetuous Thad breaks down the door."

She watched Letty with agonizing uncertainty, remembering another little girl who had cried her eyes out in another powder room because nobody, nobody at all, had asked her to dance all evening.

Finally Letty rose, smiling vaguely. "I'm a fool."

Madelon drew a long, shaky breath of relief.

. . . On the way home they stopped at Hamburger Haven and slid into a corner booth. When Thad and Letty got up to dance, Madelon looked at George. George was deeply engrossed in the menu.

He hates me, she thought miserably. We could have had such fun together, and now he only wants to have the evening finished. And I don't blame him. I don't blame him at all.

"George," she said softly.

He looked at her courteously but remotely.

"You were right," Madelon said. "And I'm sorry."

"That's all right," George said politely, returning to the menu.

"But it isn't all right at all," Madelon burst out. "It probably won't make any difference to you now, but I want you to know how it was anyway. You remember the way I was a few years ago, fat and frumpy with teeth that stuck out. I was always an unattractive child, and then, when the braces came off my teeth and I lost some weight and learned how to fix my hair and use make-up—well, I couldn't quite believe I'd changed so much."

"You changed," George assured her briefly.

"But don't you see? Inside I didn't change at all. I didn't *feel* any different so I was sure that people wouldn't notice until I brought it to their attention. The mirror didn't matter as much as the expression on . . .," she faltered, ". . . on a new boy's face. I had to keep proving it to myself over and over."

George was silent.

"It wasn't until just now when I saw how far the thing could go, what I could do to my best friend, that I realized how awful it was. Why, I even read horrible little meanings into the things my mother's friends said about me, when all they meant to be was kind."

George nodded without speaking.

Letty and Thad came back to the booth then. "Shove over, you two."

Letty's eyes were shining. "Isn't it exciting? Thad's taking me to the Snow Carnival Hop at the university." She squeezed Madelon's hand. "We'll have a wonderful time. Your mother won't mind a week end, will she? I mean, my mother can talk to her about it."

Madelon flushed, but she smiled levelly at Letty. "My mother wouldn't mind."

There was no use telling Letty that there was going to be nothing for her mother *to* mind. George hadn't asked her, and now, of course, he never would.

But then George was saying, "I'll talk to Madelon's mother myself. We've always understood one another ever since I used to toddle into her kitchen in my starched rompers and assure her she baked the best cookies on the street."

Madelon raised her eyes from the bare, polished table. George, unbelievably, was grinning at her with the old, fond grin.

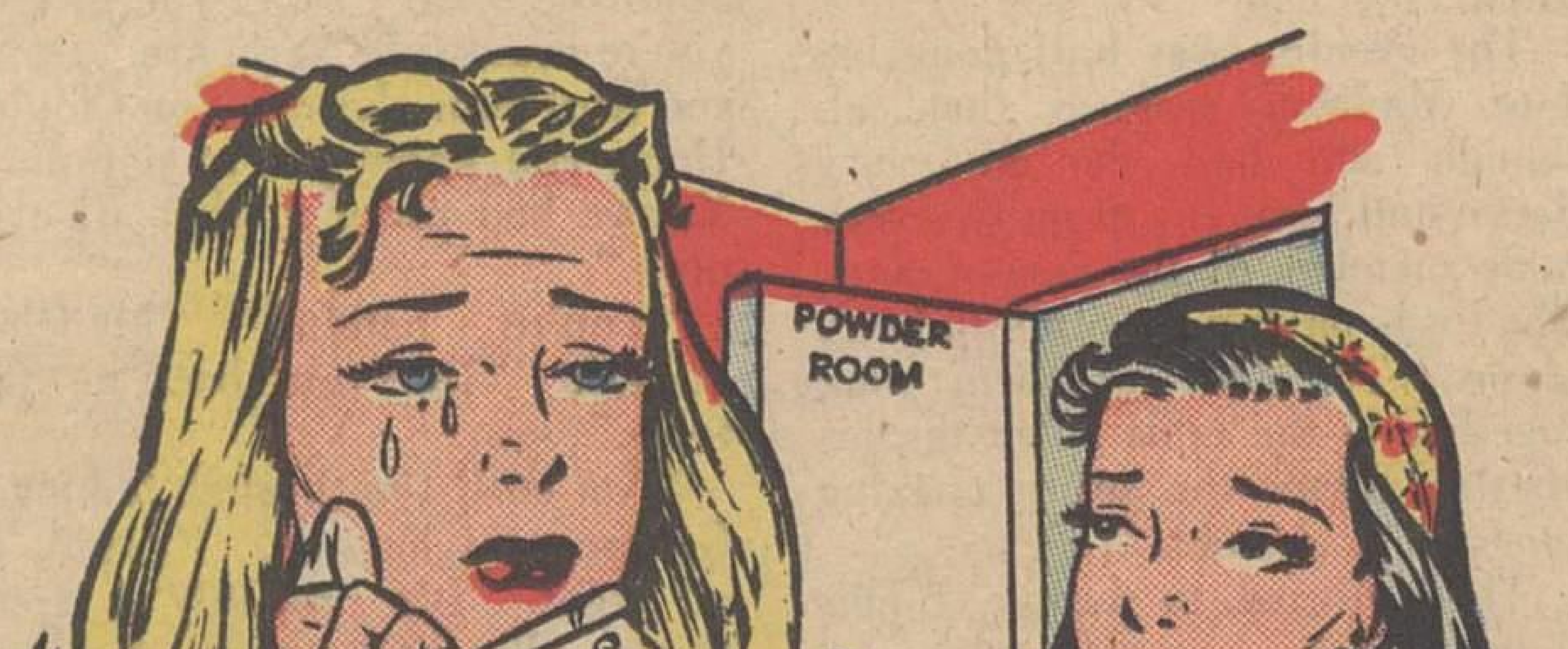
"Goodness," Letty said, "I'm so excited I'm sure my lipstick must be gone and my nose shining madly. Let's find a mirror."

George's hand closed over Madelon's on the table. "Madelon won't need a mirror any more," he said. "Anything she wants to see she can see in my baby blue eyes."

Madelon looked thoughtful.

"Well?" George prompted.

"I believe you have a point there," Madelon said happily.



**"What's the use?" Letty asked hopelessly. "He'd have a better time if I weren't here."**

THE END

# FOOD FOR FUN

**FRENCH FUN . . .**

Hors d'oeuvres trays and platters are easy enough for even a novice cook and, especially in hot weather, make a refreshing and different luncheon and party treat. One day you might select a platter consisting of shrimps in curried mayonnaise, sliced cucumbers in French dressing, pickled eggs, pickled beets, celery and potato salad with caraway seeds. Another combination would feature cole slaw, smoked tongue cut in thin strips, sliced tomatoes with vinegar and herbs, pickled herring, cubes of cheese and tiny pearl onions.

If you roam the fancy groceries, you can pick up all sorts of foreign and unusual items to glamorize your hors d'oeuvres platters. There are small artichoke bottoms that come in oil and can be mixed with shrimps and ripe olives stuffed with pimento. You can buy some anchovy paste and make little balls of it with hard-cooked egg yolk and plenty of seasoning. Get a jar of mustard dressing and use it on shredded cabbage for a change.

And don't overlook the varied kinds of pastes you can use to stuff large olives or pieces of celery. Sardines, anchovy fillets, pickled herring, various kinds of smoked fish, pickles and so on—all add spice to your dish. Smoked salmon is a natural.

Canned lobster meat can be used to stuff cold hard-cooked eggs. Moisten the chopped meat with a little mayonnaise or Tartar sauce. Of course, there's always that wonderful delicacy, caviar—but it's too expensive for most luncheons, and it should be served alone with the dignity and respect it deserves.

Assorted hors d'oeuvres, crusty French bread and curls of sweet butter, a tall glass of tinkling iced tea or coffee—what more could one ask for a summertime meal?

**SIMPLE SPINACH . . .**

Gather round the spinach ring, gals! With stuffed apples it's a good main course and one that goes easy on the family budget.

First, make a smooth white sauce out of 3 tablespoons of flour, 3 tablespoons of butter and a cup of rich milk. Season with 1/4 of a teaspoon of dry mustard, half a teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Add half a cup of grated American cheese, and cook at very low heat until the cheese is melted. Then take this mixture off the fire, and add the yolks of 3 well-beaten eggs.

Now add 1 1/2 cups of cooked spinach, drained and chopped very fine. Fold in the beaten egg whites, and pour the mixture into a buttered ring mold set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a pre-heated moderate oven until firm. Then unmold on a serving platter, and fill the center of the ring with mushroom sauce. (Condensed mushroom soup will do.) Surround the ring with apples, cored and filled with little pork sausages, which have been baked for one hour.

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# ROMANCE IS A MYSTERY

**SYLVIA LIKED ROMANTIC THINGS, ESPECIALLY MYSTERIOUS ONES, EVEN IF KEN DIDN'T. BUT THIS TIME SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT!**

By ANN LEE

"You mean . . . you mean that old piece of junk is it? You call that romantic?"

KEN was lounging on the front steps reading a book when the phone jangled indoors. "Wouldn't you know it!" he mumbled. "That *would* happen at the most interesting part of the book!"

"Hurry and answer it!" his mother called from the garden. "Maybe it's important."

"Okay, okay." Ken untangled himself and got to his feet. The screen door banged after him. "Hello," he said irritably into the mouthpiece.

"Ken, oh, Ken, come right down to the Washington Storage Company on Sixth street," an excited feminine voice told him.

"Oh, hello-o-o-o, Sylvia," Ken smiled, and sat down comfortably. This was different. Sylvia didn't call him very often.

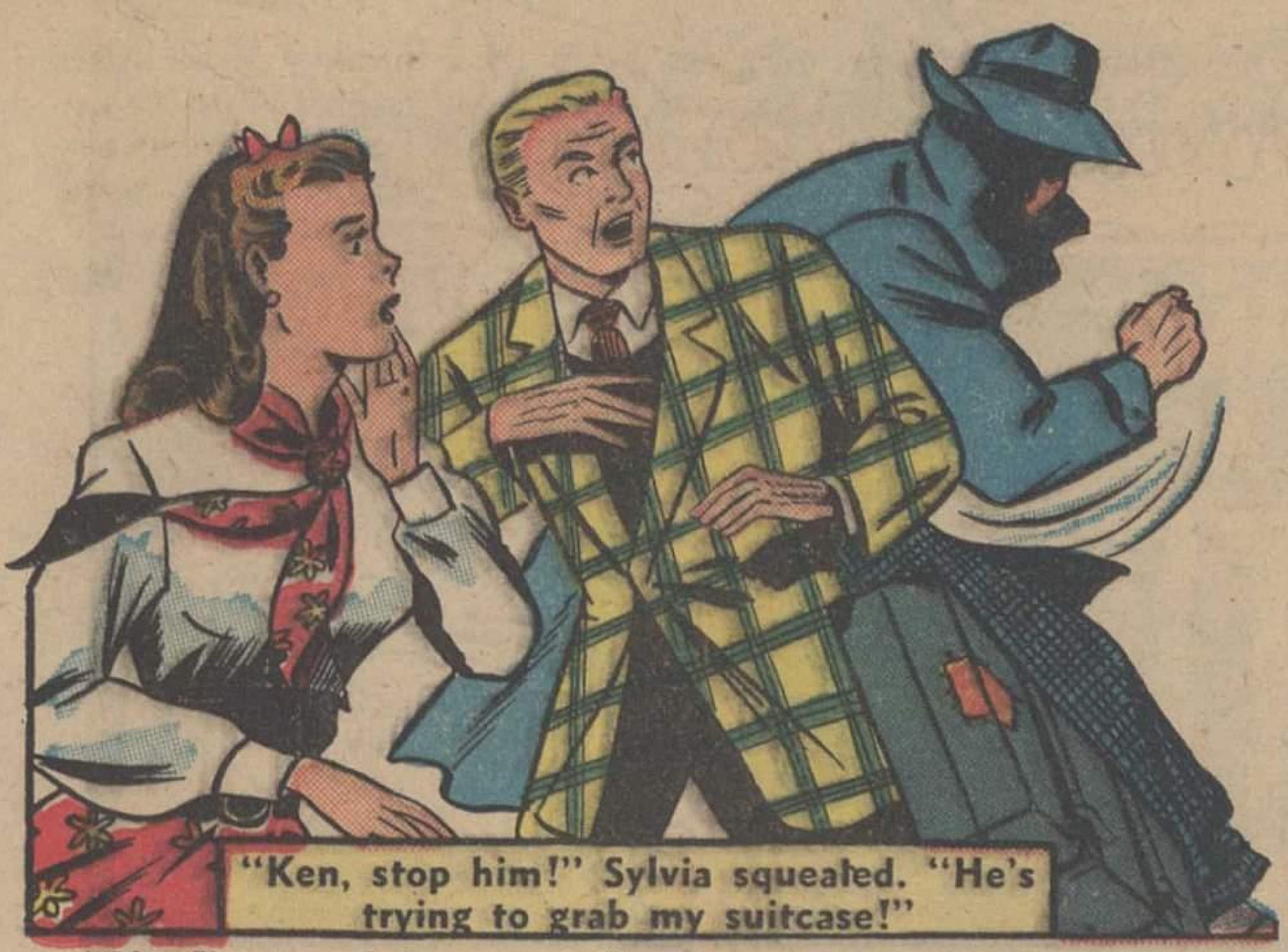
"Can you come right away, Ken?" she continued. "I just bought the most romantic thing in the world at the auction sale. I want you to help me carry it home."

"Romantic, did you say? Okay, be right with you. Washington Storage?" Ken was standing now, ready to take off.

"Yes, on Sixth street. I'll wait for you."

Ken slid out of the house breathlessly. He leaped down the stairs and ran all the way. Pictures flashed through his mind of the romantic article he was going to carry for Sylvia—perhaps a toboggan built for two for next winter or a projector for the movies they were going to take on the picnic next Saturday or maybe even a bicycle built for two! "Romantic . . . romantic," he mumbled as he ran. Sylvia had called him to help her! She must mean romance for the two of them. I'm in solid, he told himself. She called *me* on this deal, not Chuck, not Jim, but *me!*

Ken put on the brakes before the entrance of the Washington Storage Company, hurried through the door and came to a stop in front of Sylvia. "Where is it?" he asked, puffing. "Lead me to it!"



"Ken, stop him!" Sylvia squealed. "He's trying to grab my suitcase!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you could come," she said excitedly. "It's the most romantic thing that's ever happened to me! It's upstairs. Come on."

Ken followed her. She led him to an old battered suitcase that looked as if it had gone through the Civil War. "There it is, Ken. Isn't it wonderfully romantic? I spent a whole month's allowance on it. I outbid everyone."

"You mean . . . you mean that old piece of junk is *it?* You call that *romantic?*"

"Yes, of course it's romantic." She stiffened. "What is *your* idea of romance?"

"Well, I thought maybe you picked up a movie projector or a bicycle built for two or . . ."

"Ken! Those things aren't one bit romantic. Why, do you realize that no one knows what's in that thing? Just anything might be in it!"

Ken looked disgusted as he grabbed the handle and lifted the suitcase off the floor. He dropped it with a thump. "Just anything might be in it is right! My guess is that it's full of bricks!"

"Don't be silly, Ken, and please be careful!" Sylvia warned. "If you don't want to carry it for me, I'll call Chuck."

"Who said I won't carry it? Let's go." He started for the stairs with the heavy suitcase.

Ken moaned and groaned until they were out on the street. "Women, women," he chanted. "They think up the creepiest ideas for us men and call it romance!" He trudged beside the silent female.

A tall man suddenly appeared from nowhere and pushed against Ken. "Hey, watch where you're going!" Ken shouted. The suitcase thudded to the sidewalk.

"Ken, stop him!" Sylvia squealed. He's trying to grab my suitcase!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" Ken said, shoving the stranger aside.

"I beg your pardon," the man said, tipping his hat. "I only meant to hand it to you." He passed the suitcase to Ken gallantly. "Is it yours, young man?" he questioned.

"Nope, it's the young lady's. I don't go in for romantic old suitcases," he said, and began walking again. "Hey, wait a minute. Is it yours, mister? I'll sell it to you cheap."

"Yes—no, of course it isn't mine," the stranger stammered. "Good day." He doffed his hat again and hurried away.

When they were out of earshot, Sylvia whispered, "Isn't this romantic, Ken? Isn't it wonderful?"

"Nope, it's just plain heavy. And if one more character bumps into me and knocks this bag of bricks out of my hand, I'll . . . I'll knock him for two loops!"

They walked one block in silence. "You know, of course, that that character really wants my suitcase," Sylvia said slowly.

"I hope he does. I'll sell it to him for half price and pay you the difference. Let *him* try to carry a suitcase full of bricks."

"He's following us," Sylvia gasped.

"Huh? Did you say that drip is following us?" Ken was rattled.

"Don't look now, but he just slid back of the last tree we passed."

"He—did? Say, maybe you're right. Maybe . . . golly, let's hurry!"

Sylvia was smiling. Ken was interested now. She had known all along that the old battered suitcase held something romantic, but she hadn't expected the excitement to begin this quickly. Her head was in a fog of romance. Surely the suitcase held valuable papers—perhaps the manuscript of a famous book or old love letters—or maybe even an ancient wedding dress complete with veil and wilted flowers.

"Hey, what are you dreaming about? Come on!" Ken called as he spurted ahead.

Sylvia looked around. She saw the stranger dodging behind trees at the end of the block. "Wait, Ken. Wait for me!" She forgot her dreams and ran after him.

He darted around a corner, but when Sylvia turned the same corner, he was gone. No one was in sight. She twirled around. Was Ken kidnaped? Had the stranger taken a short cut and grabbed the suitcase *and* Ken? Sylvia ran back to the corner. "Sssst," she heard and looked around. Two long arms waved to her from behind a hydrangea bush on Mrs. Worth's lawn. "Sssst!"

Sylvia ran over. Ken's head popped from behind the shrubbery, and he pulled her in beside him. "Duck! . . . I think we've put him off the trail. He took a short cut between those two houses."

Sylvia shivered and tried not to breathe. They waited and soon saw the stranger dart from behind Mrs. Worth's porch. He ran to the sidewalk and looked in every direction. Then he scratched his head and walked slowly up the street.

Sylvia and Ken waited breathlessly until he was out of sight. It seemed hours before Ken whispered, "All clear! Let's go." They dug their way out of the thick shrubbery and hurried down the street.

When the door of Sylvia's home was safely closed behind them, she said excitedly, "Ken, it's just like the movies, isn't it?"

"Except I never saw a movie hero carry a heavy suitcase. Whew! Hey, let's peek out of the window and see if the villain still pursues us."

They parted the curtains and peered out on the deserted street. "It's all a romantic dream, dreamy," Ken laughed. "That guy's a phony and that suitcase is full of bricks, just like I said." He dropped the curtain.

"No—look, Ken! Behind that tree across the street!"

Ken's mouth fell open when he saw the stranger's head pop out from behind the bark. He pulled Sylvia away from the window. "Let's open that antique quick. It's probably full of Confederate money—or somebody's head!"

Sylvia shivered. "Ken, stop! I just know it'll be an old famous manuscript or a wedding dress or—or old love letters."

"Don't be silly! Who'd want stuff like that? Let's face it."

"I *am* facing it, and *I* want stuff like that. It's romantic. You have no soul, Ken. You're not one bit sensitive." Tears came to Sylvia's big brown eyes. Romance was so close to her now, and Ken was spoiling everything. "Oh, I wish I'd never called you," she said between her tears. "You spoil everything."

"Okay, I spoil everything. That means please exit, doesn't it?"

"Y-yes."

Ken went to the door. "See you in school," he said breezily and waited. Sylvia didn't answer.

She heard the door open and close. Through her tears she stared at the old locked suitcase. Mother and Dad wouldn't be home for another hour, and she was alone. A shiver of fear shook her. What if the stranger rang the bell? He'd know she was alone and he'd demand the suitcase. What if he had a gun? What if the suitcase *did* hold stolen money . . . or somebody's head? She screamed and jumped up. "Ken! Ken!" she shouted. "Come back!"

"Yeah?" he answered, and there he was standing beside her.

"W-what? I thought you went home."

"Not me. I opened and closed the door and stayed right here. Think I'd leave you alone with those hot bricks? Not me!"

"Ken, you're a dear." Sylvia sighed with relief and brushed the tears from her face. She grinned up at him. "Let's open that antique fast. If there are bricks in it, I'll treat you to a movie . . ."

". . . and if there are love letters, I'll copy them all and send you one a week for the rest of my life."

"Agreed!" Sylvla said as she reached for a bobby pin.

"Just like a woman! Bobby pins are your tool chests. I want pliers, a screw driver and a hammer."

"Okay." Sylvia ran to the kitchen for her Dad's tool chest and came back in double time.

"That's more like it. This bag will be open in two seconds." He set to work on the rusty locks.

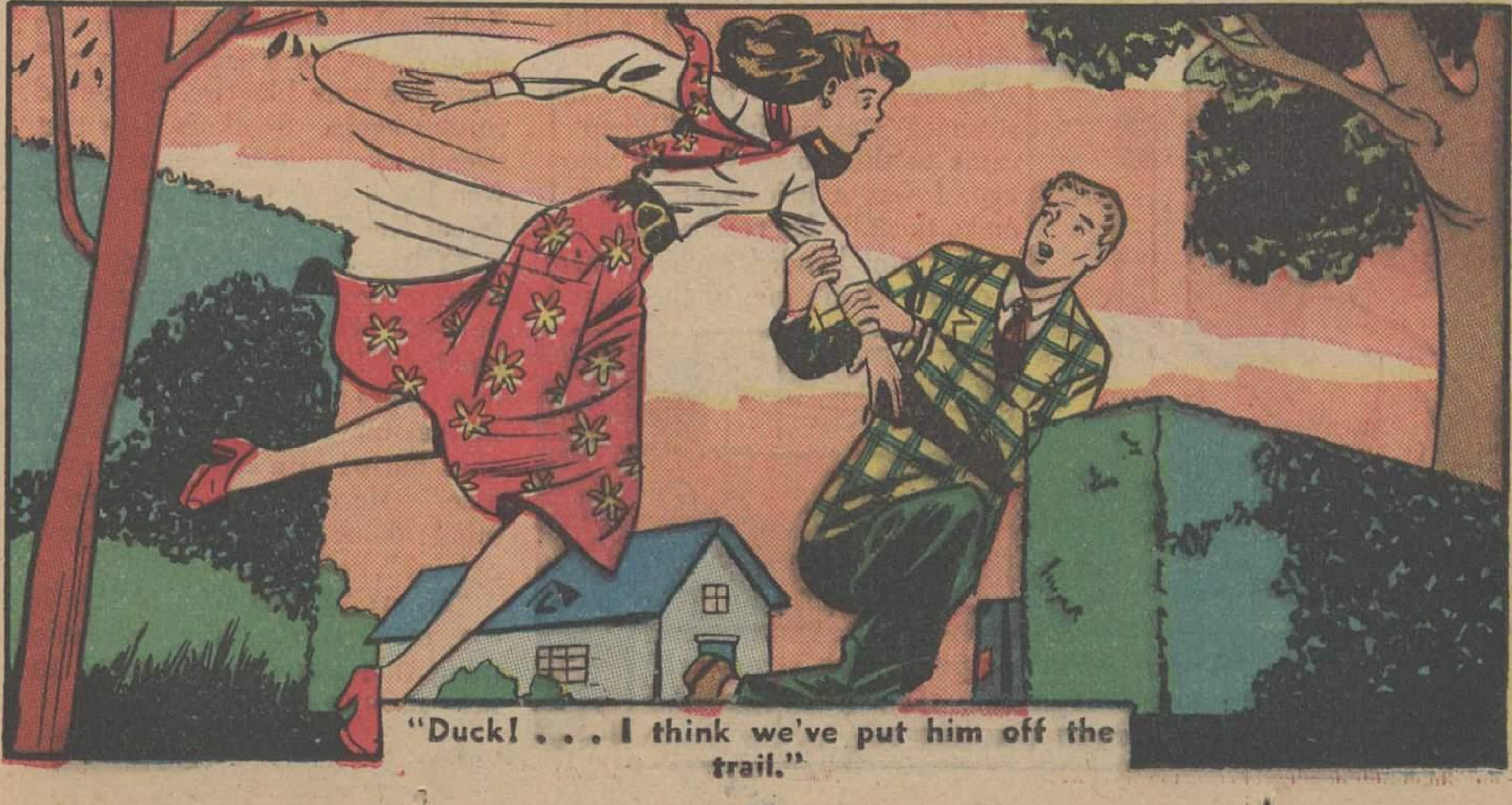
Sylvia sat on the floor and watched as Ken puffed and fumed with the streamlined tools from her dad's new case. But nothing moved the old locks that apparently had been closed for many years. "I don't know what's the matter. Maybe your dad needs a new tool chest," Ken stormed.

"No, he doesn't. Mother gave that set to him last Christmas." Sylvia reached for a bobby pin again. "Let me try."

"Okay, but please don't feel hurt when I laugh."

Sylvia leaned over the suitcase and went to work on a lock. In two seconds it flew open. She moved to the other lock and was just inserting the bobby pin when the doorbell pealed through the house.

Both Ken and she jumped. "The stranger!" they exclaimed together, staring at the half opened suitcase.



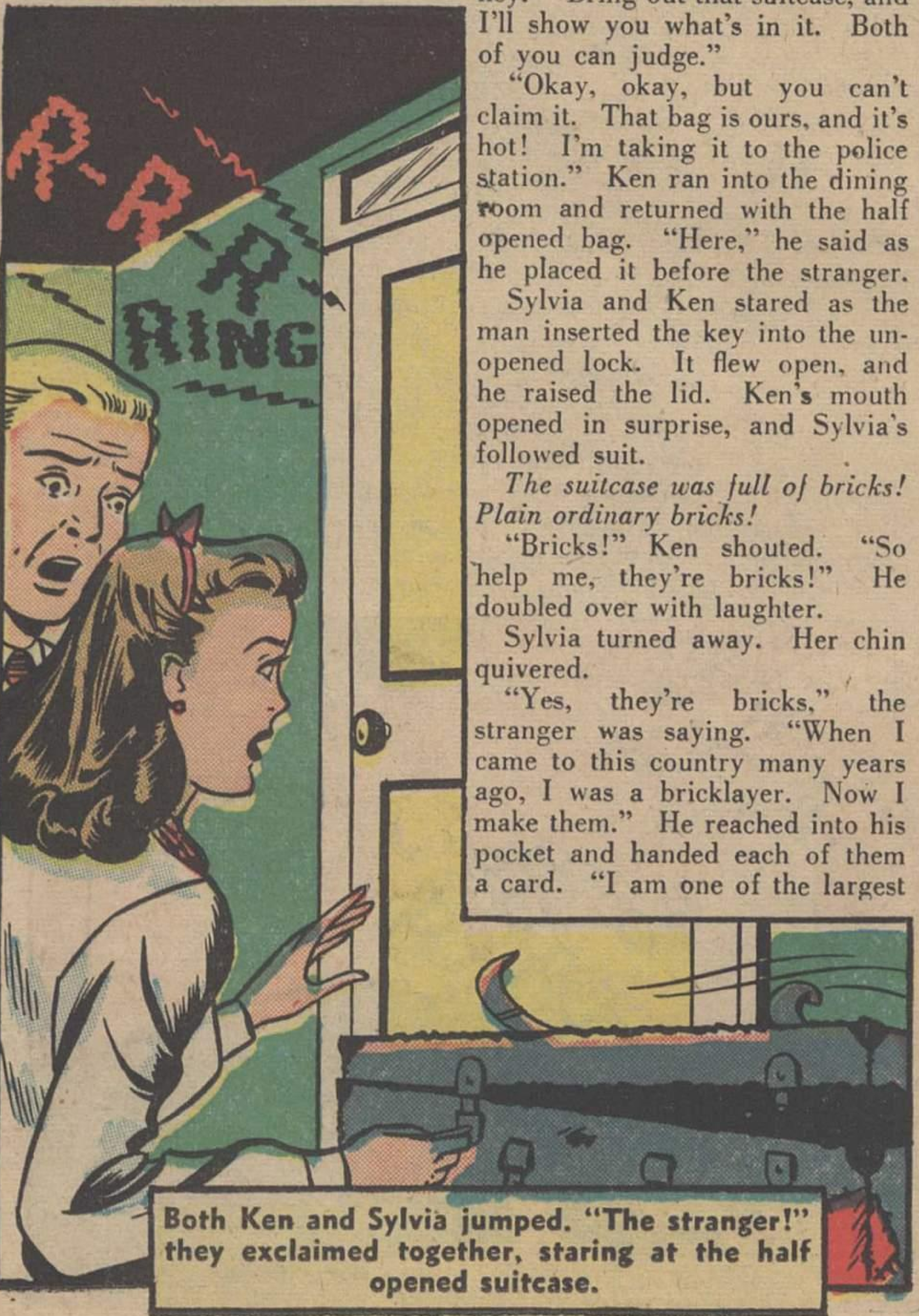
"Duck! . . . I think we've put him off the trail."

"You hide it," Sylvia said shakily. "I'll go to the door."

Ken grabbed the bag, ran to the dining room and returned just in time to see the stranger enter the room. "We meet again," Ken greeted him and bowed.

"Yes, we meet again. The truth of it is, I must have that suitcase. It is very important to me." He took off his hat and sat down wearily. "You children wouldn't understand what is in my heart at this moment. I am very romantic . . ."

Sylvia's eyes were as big as two black-eyed Susans when she interrupted. "But I *do* understand. My friend, Ken, doesn't, but I do. You want that bag because it holds the most important thing in your life—your love letters."



**Both Ken and Sylvia jumped. "The stranger!" they exclaimed together, staring at the half opened suitcase.**

The stranger waved his hand. "No, my dear, not love letters. I was too late for the auction sale and when I saw your friend carrying my suitcase a few moments ago, I knew I had to have it by hook or by crook." He grinned. "I almost got it by crook, didn't I?" He stood up. "Young lady, I'll give you one hundred dollars for that suitcase."

"No!" Ken shouted. "There's no romance in that suitcase. It's probably stuffed with stolen goods! That's what it is, and I'm taking it to the police—*now!*"

"Calm down, young man. You're all wrong."

"Oh, no, I'm not!" Ken cried.

"All right, let me prove you're wrong." The stranger reached into his pocket and held up a small key. "Bring out that suitcase, and I'll show you what's in it. Both of you can judge."

"Okay, okay, but you can't claim it. That bag is ours, and it's hot! I'm taking it to the police station." Ken ran into the dining room and returned with the half opened bag. "Here," he said as he placed it before the stranger.

Sylvia and Ken stared as the man inserted the key into the unopened lock. It flew open, and he raised the lid. Ken's mouth opened in surprise, and Sylvia's followed suit.

*The suitcase was full of bricks! Plain ordinary bricks!*

"Bricks!" Ken shouted. "So help me, they're bricks!" He doubled over with laughter.

Sylvia turned away. Her chin quivered.

"Yes, they're bricks," the stranger was saying. "When I came to this country many years ago, I was a bricklayer. Now I make them." He reached into his pocket and handed each of them a card. "I am one of the largest manufacturers of bricks in the country," he said proudly.

"I saved these first bricks because, as I told you, I am romantic. Thirty years ago I ran out of money, and I stored my suitcase. I always planned to recover it, but somehow I never got around to it. Then I was too late. When I saw you carrying it, I knew I had to have that suitcase full of bricks. I followed you and almost lost you, didn't I?" He waited. "Young lady, I repeat my offer. Will you accept one hundred dollars for this suitcase?"

"Ken, should I?" Sylvia asked in confusion.

"Yes," Ken gulped. "Yes, grab it!"

The stranger pulled out a roll of bills and counted ten tens. He rose, locked the suitcase, and moved towards the door. "You kids have a lot to learn about romance, especially you, young man," were his parting words.

Sylvia and Ken heard the door close. Ken shifted his big feet and ran a hand through his hair. "He calls bricks romantic! He's as bad as you are. Bricks in an old suitcase! Wait till he walks a block with that heavy old thing full of bricks." Then he looked at Sylvia and thought for a minute. "But you know, maybe he's got something there. Maybe it *is* romantic to him—sorta like my saving my old baseball bat or—or maybe old love letters?" He tried to grin.

"How about a movie, Ken?" Sylvia asked and smiled. "There's enough here for a year of movies." Her eyes were like two black-eyed Susans again. She knew now that even bricks could be romantic, and Ken knew it, too. He was a different Ken.

"Y'know," Ken continued, "you never know where romance is buried." He reached for Sylvia's hand. "I'd rather write my own love letters to you anyway. There's no pay-off in copying some old ones buried in a wreck of a suitcase." He coughed. "You don't mind about the bricks, do you, Sylvia?" he asked.

"Mind?" Sylvia said. "This is the most wonderfully romantic thing that has ever happened to me—in my whole life!"

**THE END**

# FOOD FOR FUN

## RICE RUMPUS . . .

There's nothing better than a good rice pudding, nice and creamy, full of plump raisins and delicately browned on top. Mouth watering? O.K.—here's the recipe:

Wash half a cup of uncooked rice well, rinsing it until the water comes entirely clear. Then mix the rice with half a teaspoon of salt and 2/3 of a cup of brown sugar. (White may be used if you can't get brown, but the brown is recommended.) These ingredients are poured into a greased baking dish, together with 1 quart of good rich milk. Add some bits of broken cinnamon stick and 2/3 of a cup of raisins, which have been plumped in hot water.

Put the dish into a slow oven and let it bake for about three hours, when the rice should be nice and tender. During the cooking time stir the pudding often, adding more milk as the mixture cooks down. However, for the last half hour just stir—the pudding must be allowed to brown just a bit on top.

You may need up to 2 quarts of milk for this rice pudding, for it should be very creamy and the first quart disappears very quickly during the cooking.

The rumpus comes in when everyone begins clamoring for more.

## FLAVOROUS FRITTERS . . .

If you're short on meat for that Sunday night supper, try rice fritters. They're filling, they're tasty, and they're versatile. Served with catsup they can replace the meat dish, or you can turn them into a dessert simply by pouring maple syrup over them.

Beat the yolks of 3 eggs until light and mix them with 1 cup of boiled rice, 4 tablespoons of melted butter or margarine, and a scant teaspoon of salt.

Dissolve a teaspoon of soda in 1½ cups of sour cream and add to the rice mixture, alternately with 2 cups of flour. Now fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Drop the mixture by spoonfuls into hot, deep fat, and fry to a golden brown. Drain on paper towels, and serve as hot as possible.

## SWEET STUFF . . .

No, this isn't a dessert—it's a happy combination of sweet potatoes and apples in a scallop that's as good as it is filling.

Cut enough cold boiled sweet potatoes in ¼-inch slices to fill 2 cups. Put half of them in a buttered baking dish and cover them with a cupful of sliced, peeled and cored apples. Sprinkle thickly with brown sugar, and dot with butter or margarine. Season generously with salt. Add another layer of the remaining sweet potatoes and top with a final layer of sliced apples.

If you can get them, sprinkle a few "red hot" cinnamon drops over the surface. Bake the scallop in a moderate oven for one hour. There's nothing better on brisk nights!

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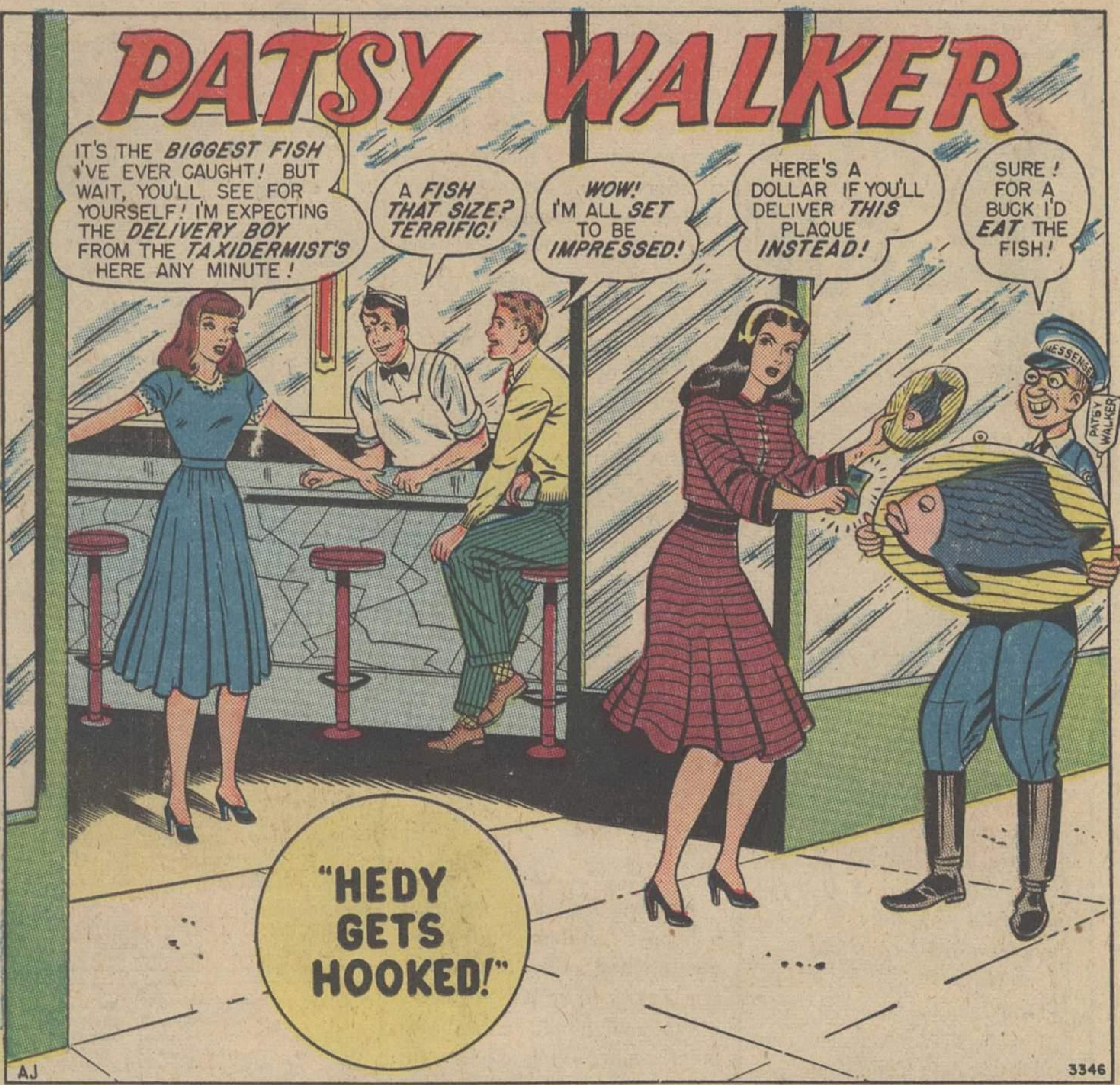
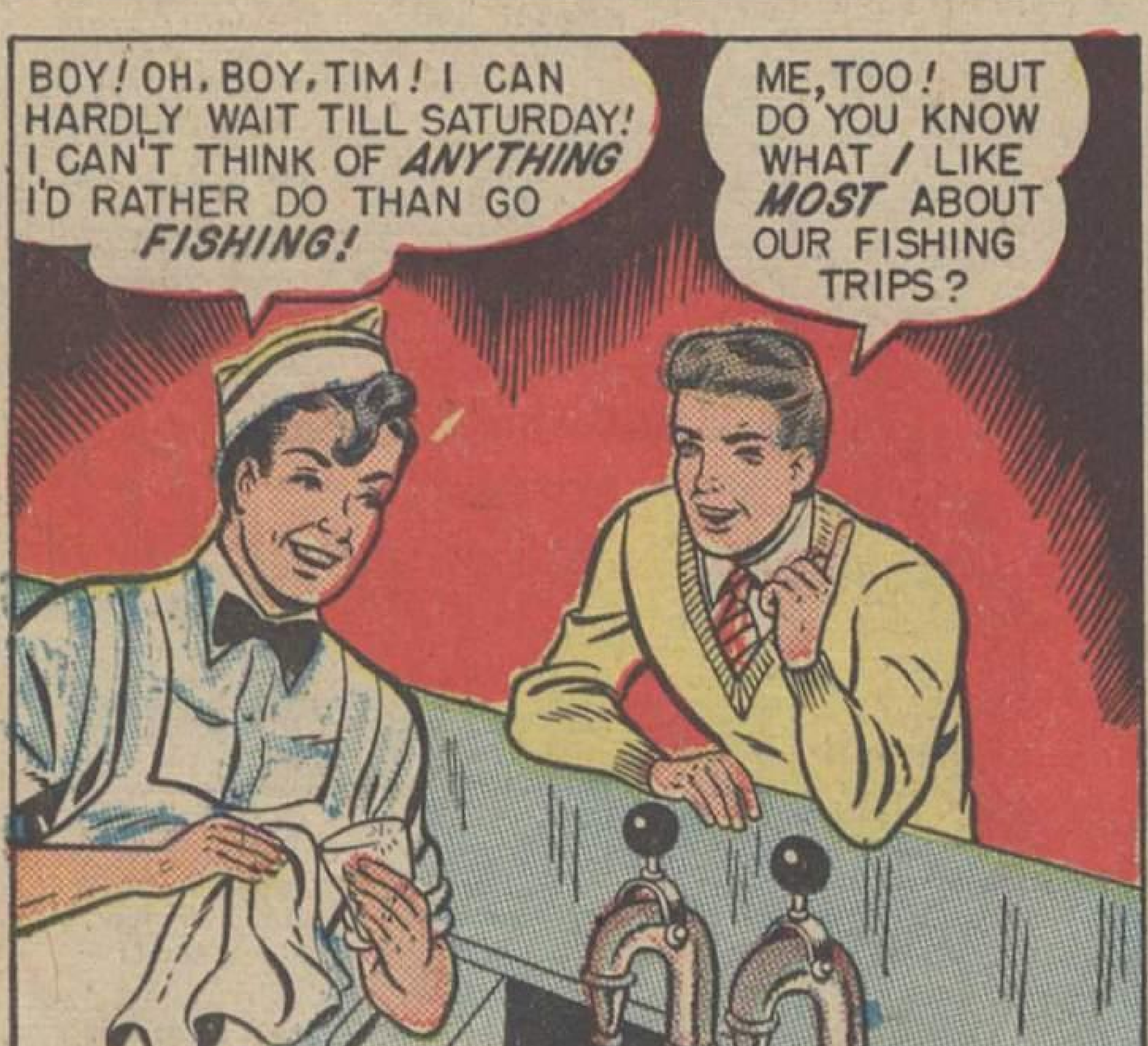
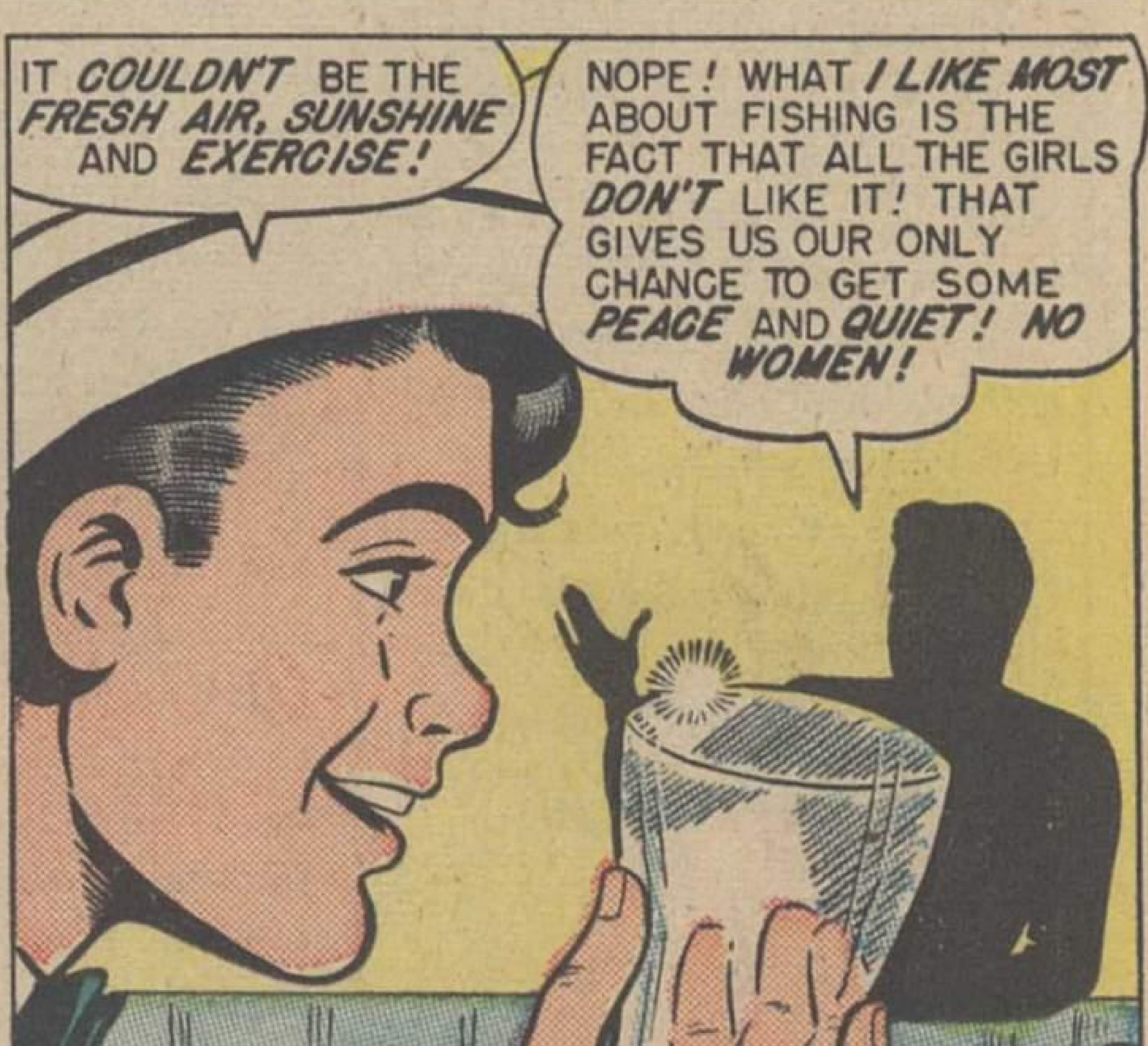

PATSY WALKER
IT'S THE BIGGEST FISH I'VE EVER CAUGHT! BUT WAIT, YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF! I'M EXPECTING THE DELIVERY BOY FROM THE TAXIDERMIST'S HERE ANY MINUTE!
A FISH THAT SIZE? TERRIFIC!
WOW! I'M ALL SET TO BE IMPRESSED!
HERE'S A DOLLAR IF YOU'LL DELIVER THIS PLAQUE INSTEAD!
SURE! FOR A BUCK I'D EAT THE FISH!
MESSENGER
PATSY WALKER
"HEDY GETS HOOKED!"
AJ
3346


BOY! OH, BOY, TIM! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL SATURDAY! I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING I'D RATHER DO THAN GO FISHING!
ME, TOO! BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT OUR FISHING TRIPS?


IT COULDN'T BE THE FRESH AIR, SUNSHINE AND EXERCISE!
NOPE! WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT FISHING IS THE FACT THAT ALL THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE IT! THAT GIVES US OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET SOME PEACE AND QUIET! NO WOMEN!
1

HI'YA, FELLAS!
WE JUST DROPPED IN TO ASK YOU BOYS IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO ON A **PICNIC** SATURDAY!
SORRY, PATSY! THIS SATURDAY IS FOR **MEN ONLY!** THAT'S OUR FISHING TIME!
YEAH! **TOO BAD GIRLS DON'T GO IN** FOR FISHING! IT'S REALLY **FUN!**
IT **MUST BE,** AT THAT! DADDY **RAVES** ABOUT IT! I'VE NEVER THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT IT, BUT **I'D LOVE** TO GO WITH YOU!
WHAT? OH--ER--UH, I'M **SURE** YOU WOULDN'T CARE MUCH FOR IT, ESPECIALLY, PUTTING **WORMS** ON **HOOKS!** AND ALL THAT **SUN** AND **WIND** IS BAD FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!
ON THE **CONTRARY,** TIM, IT ALL SOUNDS **HEALTHFUL** AND **INVIGORATING!** I'M **SURE** YOU WON'T MIND TAKING US WITH YOU! AND AS FOR THE **WORMS, YOU BOYS** CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT!
**I'D LOVE** TO GO!
BUT GIRLS! YOU **CAN'T!** THAT IS-- YOU DON'T-- ER, I MEAN...
OH! OH! LOOK WHO'S BEEN LISTENING IN...
HMMM! SO NOW PATSY'S TRYING TO HORN IN ON **ALL** OF BUZZ'S TIME! SHE'S EVEN GOING TO INVADE THE SANCTITY OF HIS **FISHING TRIPS!** BUT **I'M** NOT GOING TO STAND IDLY BY AND LET HER TAKE OVER!
HI'YA, GANG! I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU DISCUSS GOING **FISHING!** I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF GOING, TOO! I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND IF LITTLE OL' HEDY GOES WITH YOU!
2

YOU ALL KNOW HOW IMPORTANT OUR FISHING TRIPS ARE TO US! THEREFORE, IF WE AGREE TO TAKE YOU ALL WITH US, YOU MUST PROMISE TO OBSERVE ALL THE RULES OF GOOD FISHERMEN!
WE PROMISE TO BE GOOD!
HA! MY PLAN WILL WORK PERFECTLY! I'LL FIX THINGS SO THAT IT APPEARS THAT PATSY IS RUINING EVERYTHING! THAT WILL DISGUST BUZZ MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE COULD!
AND SO, ON SATURDAY...
AH! THERE'S THE GOOD SHIP "SEA SPRAY"! MR. GILTROCKS LETS US USE HIS YACHT ON SATURDAYS FOR NOTHING!
YOU PATSY, NANCY, AND HEDY CAN CAST YOUR LINES ON THIS SIDE! TIM AND I WILL GO ON THE OTHER SIDE! NO USE ALL OF US WORKING THE SAME AREA!
GOOD OLD BUZZ! HE KNOWS WE WOULDN'T GET MUCH FISHING DONE ON THE SAME SIDE WITH THOSE AMATEURS!
I'M A LITTLE THIRSTY! GUESS I'LL GO BELOW AND GET A DRINK, GIRLS!
AH! PERFECT!
EA SPRAY
3

THIS IS AN OLD GAG, BUT IT'S STILL GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF LAUGHS! BESIDES, IT FITS INTO MY PLAN TO DISCREDIT PATSY!
NOW TO *YANK BOTH LINES* AND WATCH THE FUN!
YIPPEE! I'VE *CAUGHT* SOMETHING!
YOWEE! *SO HAVE I* -- AND FROM THE WAY IT TUGS IT FEELS LIKE A *BIG ONE!*
UGH! *HELP,* SOMEBODY! I *CAN'T HOLD* HIM!
I'VE GOT A *WHALE!* HELP ME HAUL HIM IN, TIM!
HERE, TIM, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S GIVE *ONE QUICK YANK TOGETHER!*
REET! ONE, TWO...
...THREE!!
?
CRASH!
ZIP!
HELP!
4

HELP!
THAT'S PATSY!
C'MON!
BLUB! GLUB!
WELL, NO USE FISHING AROUND HERE ANY MORE! THERE WON'T BE A FISH FOR MILES AROUND! I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW OUR LINES GOT TANGLED!
IT'S OBVIOUSLY ALL PATSY'S FAULT, BUZZIE!
HA! BUZZ IS DISGUSTED WITH PATSY! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET MYSELF IN GOOD WITH HIM!
SAY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE FIVE BUCKS QUICK?
THE QUICKER, THE BETTER I'D LIKE IT!
I WONDER WHERE HEDY GOT THAT DRINK OF WATER? HMM...THAT'S HEDY'S VOICE!
HAVE YOU GOT ANY VERY LARGE FISH ON BOARD, SAILOR?
YEAH! WE'VE GOT SOME VERY BIG FISH DOWN IN THE REFRIGERATOR HOLD! BUT WHY?
WELL, HERE'S MY PLAN! I WANT YOU TO PUT THE BIGGEST FISH YOU'VE GOT ON MY LINE, THEN I'LL HAUL IT IN AS IF I CAUGHT IT! I WANT TO IMPRESS A CERTAIN FELLOW!
SAY, THAT'S PRETTY SHREWD!
I THINK SO! I'M CLEVER THAT WAY! JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, DO YOU REMEMBER THE GAL WHO FELL OVERBOARD A LITTLE WHILE AGO? WELL, HERE'S HOW I PULLED THAT ONE...
5

HA! HA! THAT'S FUNNY!
REMEMBER, HOOK THE FISH ONTO *MY* LINE! YOU'LL KNOW IT BY THE *KNOT* I'LL TIE IN IT!
*SO!* I *KNEW* THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT WHEN PATSY'S AND BUZZ'S LINES GOT TANGLED! WELL, MISS WOLFE, I'M GOING TO FIX YOU FOR THAT SOMEHOW!
LATER...
'HMMPH!
JUST WATCH, BUZZIE BOY! I HAVE A FEELING I'M GOING TO CATCH A REALLY *BIG* FISH!
I HOPE YOU DO! I *ADMIRE* A GOOD FISHERWOMAN!
MEANWHILE, BELOW DECK...
AH, HERE'S *HEDY'S* LINE WITH THE *KNOT*...AND THAT'S *PATSY'S* TO THE RIGHT OF IT!
I'LL JUST PUT THE KNOT *IN PATSY'S* LINE AND *UNTIE* THE ONE IN *HEDY'S*!
*NOW* I'LL TAKE HEDY'S LINE INTO THE *CABIN*, WHERE I REMEMBER SEEING SOMETHING *GOOD* FOR *HER TO CATCH*!
ALL RIGHT, HEDY *DEAR!* START REELING YOUR *CATCH* IN! *HAH!*
I'VE GOT IT! ER--I MEAN, I'VE *CAUGHT SOMETHING!* PREPARE TO SEE THE *LARGEST FISH* IN *CAPTIVITY!*
BOYNNNNG!
6

WHAT TH...
OH, OH! IT'S THE *CAPTAIN!* THE FIREWORKS WILL SURELY START *NOW!*
ZIP!
*WOW!* IT'S *TERRIFIC!*
*CAREFUL!* YOU DON'T WANT TO *LOSE* HIM, HEDY!
?
?
?
?
CRACK!
T-H-U-D!
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THIS IS ALL VERY *FUNNY,* YOUNG LADY! *YOU'VE JUST RUINED* MY *PRIZE STUFFED FISH!* AND IT'LL COST YOU *FIFTY DOLLARS!*
MEANWHILE...
AH, *HERE'S* THE LINE WITH THE *KNOT* IN IT!
*YIII!* I'VE GOT A STRIKE!
WHAT *NOW?* PROBABLY AN OLD TIRE OR A RUBBER BOOT!
7

WOW!
AND THIS ONE'S REAL!
YOUNG LADY, I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU! THAT'S THE LARGEST FISH EVER CAUGHT BY A WOMAN IN THESE WATERS!
I'M PROUD OF YOU, PATSY!
GOSH! I'M SO HAPPY!
GRRRR! OF ALL THE UNLUCKY--
ULP!
ZOOM!
WELL, WE MAY AS WELL GO HOME! SAY, WHERE'S HEDY?
HELP!
HA! HA! HA! HEDY SURE LOOKS LIKE A POOR FISH!
BLUB! GLUB! ULP!
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, PATSY!
8
THE END

# the Secret Treasure

"Dorrie," Bill cried, "I found out about the treas . . ." He stopped abruptly.

**DORRIE WANTED TO HAVE HER CAKE AND EAT IT, TOO. BUT SHE COULDN'T HOPE FOR ANYTHING UNTIL SHE DISCOVERED WHAT SHE HAD TO KNOW!**

By NANCY MacROBERTS

"A FINE place to make an impression on Elliot Evans," Dorrie Richards muttered disgustedly as she set a bowl of tiny roses on the coffee table. Yellow sunlight accented the lumps and hollows of the patched paper on the parlor walls of "Miss Belia's House." "No wonder Miss Belia's relatives sold their inheritance to the first bidder!"

"A gullible newspaper man?" an amused voice asked.

Dorrie whirled to find her father, Ted Richards, owner of the Tarleton *Courier*, smiling indulgently at her from the doorway. A dynamic small town editor, he'd been intrigued by the implausible story of Miss Belia's treasure, which her poorer relatives had told him. And the chance for a permanent roof over his head had decided him on this house. Miss Belia had lived her whole life in the chilly rooms of this pre-Civil War mansion, which had been built by her father, the first publisher of the *Courier*.

"This place will always be Miss Belia's house, no matter who owns it," Dorrie said, "but the *Courier* is Ted Richards' paper only as long as Ted Richards runs it."

"Dorrie, even if I should sell to the Syndicate, I can still be editor," her father explained patiently.

Ted Richards' development of the *Courier* in the last year had attracted the attention of Elliot Evans, head of the Evans Syndicate, who'd recently moved to Tarleton with his son. Evans had offered to buy out the *Courier* and was coming that afternoon to discuss it.

Dorrie spoke bitterly, "Elliot Evans is notorious for running any paper he owns."

Quickly she realized she had said too much. Perhaps her father *was* overly indulgent of her, especially since the death of her mother a year ago, but he didn't allow impudence. "All right, Dad, I'll be nice to Mr. Evans," Dorrie apologized.

"And his son," Ted Richards added. "He'll be a journalism student at the college, too."

Dorrie sniffed.. "I've already met the Junior Evans!" Her cheeks flamed as she recalled the meeting. She'd been cutting hedges that looked as if they hadn't been touched since the Civil War, desperately using both hatchet and clippers, but with little success. And suddenly she'd looked up to see a boy with broad shoulders, clear gray eyes, and an easy grin.

"Miz Belia?" he'd bowed. "Bill Evans, at your service."

"Dorrie Richards," Dorrie'd corrected, "and she'll take your service!"

She knew, as did everyone else in Tarleton, about the Evanses.

Bill had cut the hedge easily, all the while talking about Miss Belia's house, the *Courier*, and college. And Dorrie had found herself almost liking him—until she heard of Elliot Evans' offer. Now she hated having to be grateful to an Evans!

Dorrie adjusted an ash tray.

"Dad," she asked suddenly, "you aren't just selling the paper to get money for me, are you? I can make college without it."

"It hasn't been sold yet, honey," Richards answered. "We're just in the talking stage."

But her father sounded uneasy. Dorrie knew her mother's expensive illness and the purchase of Miss Belia's house had eaten up most of their savings. But were things so bad that her father would have to sell the paper he had built up by himself?

. . . The Evanses arrived on the dot of four o'clock. Mr. Evans, just a shade too hearty, shook hands with Dorrie's father. "I've come to buy you out, Richards, I might as well warn you. Any man has his price, I always say!"

The big man laughed loudly. Dorrie, her gray eyes stormy, led the way stiffly into the living room, where the yellow roses arrested the bright, curious glance of Elliot Evans only for a moment.

"This wallpaper dates back to the close of the Civil War—almost eighty-five years ago," Dorrie explained. "It's been patched, quite obviously, but we're going to re-paper. Our first problems, though, have been lights and plumbing."

"And gardening," Bill reminded her. Dorrie tried to ignore him, but she blushed in spite of herself.

"Didn't Miss Belia's father found the *Courier*?" Elliot Evans interrupted. "You must have some very old copies in file."

"Dad's hobby's old papers," Bill explained. "He'd go to any length to get original editions. Gives the Syndicate standing."

Any length? wondered Dorrie—even to buying out her father? Abruptly, she excused herself to prepare refreshments. From the kitchen, she heard her father say, "Picture of Miss Belia upstairs!", and then Bill Evans joined her.

"It's not polite to leave your father alone," Dorrie chided Bill as he extracted ice cubes from refrigerator trays for the lemonade.

"Gives him a chance to look around," Bill explained. "He likes old things."

"Is that why he wants the *Courier*?" Dorrie demanded. "My father will tell him all the old files were destroyed by fire years ago. There aren't any Civil War papers left."

"I don't know about Civil War papers," Bill replied guardedly, "but Dad always gets value for value."

Dorrie didn't doubt it, but she was sure Elliot Evans would find money couldn't buy the standing of an editor like Ted Richards! She slapped sandwiches onto a glass tray, indicated the lemonade to Bill with a toss of her blonde curls, and hurried back to the parlor. Elliot Evans was rising hastily, furtively, from his knees, his face flushed with excitement.

Dorrie saw he'd been looking at a rip in the wallpaper. Could it have something to do with Miss Belia's treasure? But no one took that tale seriously . . .

Ted Richards returned with the picture of Miss Belia, frowning slightly at the sight of Dorrie staring suspiciously at their guest, the tray held rigidly in her hands.

"Interesting," Mr. Evans murmured, taking the picture. "I'd like to own this place. Ever think of selling?"

Dorrie set the tray down with a clatter. Bill jumped.

"We just bought it," Ted Richards explained.

"It'll take a lot to fix the place up." Mr. Evans avoided Dorrie's eyes. "Place needs painting, new floors, papering . . ."

So did the old mayor's house the Evanses had bought, Dorrie thought uneasily.

"We're doing it gradually," her father said.

"I'll give you $7,000—make it ten!"

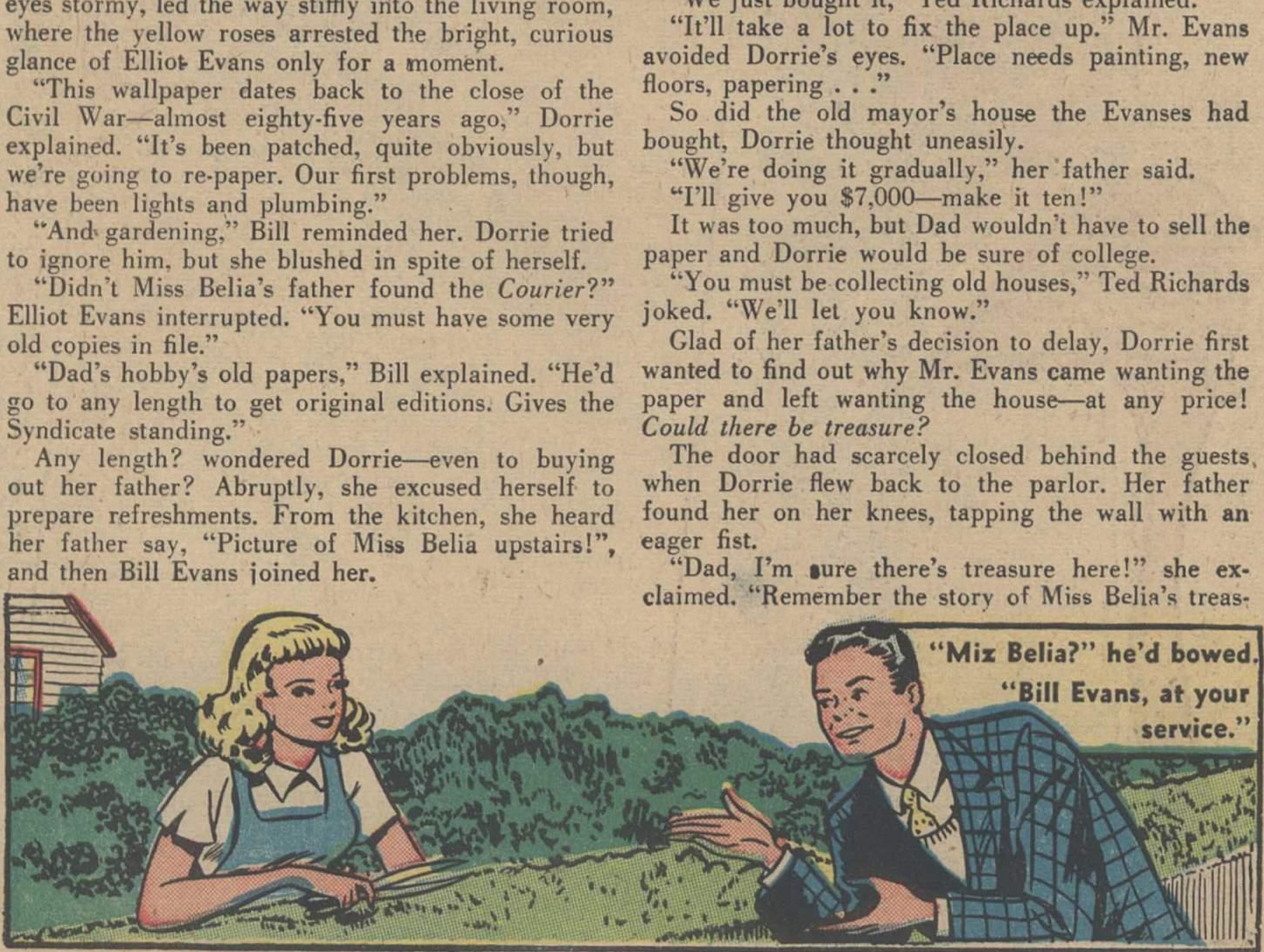
It was too much, but Dad wouldn't have to sell the paper and Dorrie would be sure of college.

"You must be collecting old houses," Ted Richards joked. "We'll let you know."

Glad of her father's decision to delay, Dorrie first wanted to find out why Mr. Evans came wanting the paper and left wanting the house—at any price! *Could there be treasure?*

The door had scarcely closed behind the guests, when Dorrie flew back to the parlor. Her father found her on her knees, tapping the wall with an eager fist.

"Dad, I'm sure there's treasure here!" she exclaimed. "Remember the story of Miss Belia's treas-


"Miz Belia?" he'd bowed. "Bill Evans, at your service."

ure? The heirs couldn't find it, but they hinted that a fortune was hidden somewhere during the Civil War . . ."

Mr. Richards burst out laughing.

"It's not funny!" Dorrie said crossly. "Didn't you notice that Mr. Evans made the offer for our house *after* he looked around? Here's where he tore this old wallpaper."

"Not Evans, *too?*" Richards chuckled. "Dorrie, Miss Belia's 'fortune' was found—a trunkful of Confederate money. Only the *Courier* kept her going."

"Confederate money?" Dorrie echoed thinly. "There must be something else. Mr. Evans saw something—I *know* he did. If I could find the fortune, we wouldn't have to sell anything!"

Dorrie concentrated on her search. The treasure would save both the house and the paper; it would mean college easily. There might be a trap door, a sliding panel! But she found only crumbling plaster sifting through cracks in the floor.

She was straining to reach the paste in the cupboard the next morning when Bill Evans appeared again. He found it easily back on a high shelf.

"To cement a friendship!" he punned.

Dorrie giggled, but then she remembered the torn wallpaper.

"Still want to own Miss Belia's instead of the *Courier?*" she asked pointedly, carrying the paste into the parlor.

"That's my father's idea, not mine. I just want to work for your dad." Following Dorrie, he stared at the torn paper. "Did my father do that?"

"You should have seen some of the other walls," Dorrie answered indirectly. "All the paper will eventually have to be torn off and the room redone —as your father remarked."

"I don't know why Dad wants this place," Bill said confusedly.

"Ever hear of Miss Belia's treasure?" Dorrie asked bluntly.

"Treasure!" Bill exclaimed.

Dorrie explained, and Bill, excited, began hunting with her. He felt along the wall; he pounded; he pressed carefully for a hidden spring. But he, too, found nothing.

"It must be something you can see," he reasoned, "but I can't find it. Yet Father isn't a treasure hunter. Collecting old newspapers is his only hobby."

"Do you suppose he found one in the wall?" Dorrie asked.

"Dad wouldn't take anything, Dorrie," Bill pleaded. "He probably liked this house because it belonged to Miss Belia's father, who founded the *Courier.*" But even Bill sounded unconvinced. And Dorrie clearly remembered the excited flush on Elliot Evans' face as he rose swiftly from his knees.

Watching Dorrie, Bill said quickly, "We'll solve this mystery, don't worry. I'd like to be friends with your father—and you, Dorrie."

Dorrie found herself liking Bill Evans in spite of his father's strange behavior. She could at least give him a chance.

"Let me know if you find anything out," she said. "Unearthing a treasure would make a good first story in the *Courier* for you!" And, although she found nothing more, Dorrie felt encouraged for the rest of the day.

. . . That night she told her father about the exciting search and Bill's promise. "If we find a treasure, we won't have to sell the house or the paper. And there'll be no question of college," Dorrie pointed out.

"And if Miss Belia's treasure is Confederate?"

"Sell the house, Dad, not the paper," Dorrie urged. "You'd never be happy working under Elliot Evans. Even *Bill* Evans wants to work under *you.*"

"Dorrie, I may not work under Evans anyhow," her father said worriedly. "He hasn't made another offer for the paper, hasn't even been in to see me. Maybe we should have sold yesterday."

After Richards left for the newspaper office, Dorrie cleared the table, frowning thoughtfully. It was strange that Elliot Evans hadn't followed up his offers. Had Bill been *sent* to see Dorrie—to pretend friendship while he checked on the treasure? Her speculations were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Beamis, the printer, who announced that the newsprint had arrived but he needed more money.

"Every time you turn around, something's gone up," he complained companionably. "Don't see how your dad keeps making it."

So Dad *did* need money! And he must really regret not selling. Dorrie directed Mr. Beamis to the newspaper office, then gave one last tap to the wall, hoping for a last minute miracle. A cloud of plaster coated her shoes, and she gave up.

. . . Elliot Evans had bought a rambling old place which had belonged to the mayors of Tarleton almost since the founding of the town. Dorrie knew Miss Belia's place was no better, but Elliot Evans wanted it. Well, he could have it—treasure and all! Only the paper mattered. Even college could be made by anyone who really wanted to go.

Dorrie walked up onto the wide porch of the Evans' house. The door into the entrance hall was open, and from a side window she could hear voices. She couldn't help listening.

Mr. Evans was talking. "You went to the Richards house, Bob? . . . What did Ted Richards say about the switch of offers?"

"He wasn't home. Just Dorrie was there." Bill's voice was low.

"The girl, eh? You be nice to that girl, Bill. We'll get that house!"

"Why do you want the old place?" Bill demanded.

"Treasure, Bill!" Mr. Evans boomed. *"Treasure!"*

"I couldn't find any treasure," Bill protested.

"Well, *I* did!" Elliot Evans roared with laughter.

Dorrie crept away, feeling cold all over. *Be nice to the girl, and we'll get that house!* So Bill *had* come on an errand—but not to work for Ted Richards. *Dad's not a treasure hunter; collecting old papers is his hobby.* What a fool Dorrie had been!

And Elliot Evans *had* found treasure. But what treasure? He'd been kneeling. Was there something on the other side of the room? Or did the torn paper just hold a clue? A map perhaps!

Excited now, Dorrie sped home. Elliot Evans wanted the house because the treasure was *still* there. If she could find it, the house, the paper, the college —nothing would be a worry any more.

And Bill Evans would find that friendship cemented with paste could be torn!

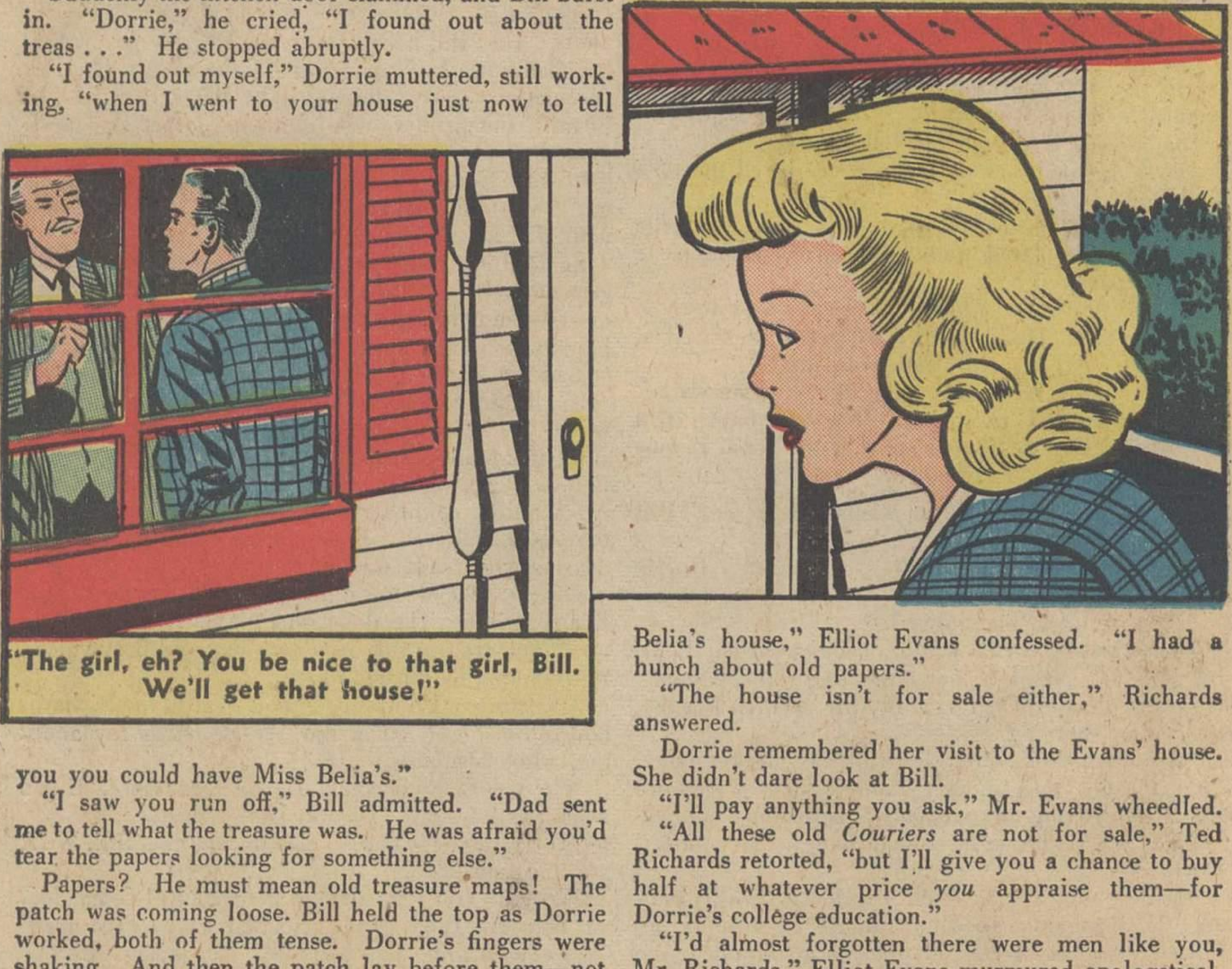
. . . Once home, Dorrie looked around the house anxiously. The treasure might not even be in the living room, but the patch itself must surely be a clue.

Dorrie worked frantically with a bucket of water, some towels and a pancake turner. Kneeling at the spot which Elliot Evans had studied, she carefully dampened the patch of wallpaper. If there *were* something behind it, she'd find it.

Cautiously she inserted the pancake turner under the edge of the patch, already curling damply. She wet the paper carefully, it loosened, and she saw printing. A treasure map?

Suddenly the kitchen door slammed, and Bill burst in. "Dorrie," he cried, "I found out about the treas . . ." He stopped abruptly.

"I found out myself," Dorrie muttered, still working, "when I went to your house just now to tell you you could have Miss Belia's."


"The girl, eh? You be nice to that girl, Bill. We'll get that house!"

"I saw you run off," Bill admitted. "Dad sent me to tell what the treasure was. He was afraid you'd tear the papers looking for something else."

Papers? He must mean old treasure maps! The patch was coming loose. Bill held the top as Dorrie worked, both of them tense. Dorrie's fingers were shaking. And then the patch lay before them—not a treasure map, but a copy of the Tarleton *Courier* from August, 1863!

Dorrie remembered then how, when the South had run out of paper, newspapers had been printed on wallpaper. She had found a single sheet, and now she looked wonderingly at other patches, her mouth dry with excitement.

Elliot Evans' treasure! Bill hadn't lied. Dorrie was thrilled.

"Look at that!" Bill exclaimed. "I've seen Dad pay two hundred dollars for papers not half that clear!"

Two hundred dollars! There were eight patches in this room and no way of knowing yet how many others were around the house. They meant money for the paper, college tuition, house repairs!

Mr. Evans appeared then, panting. "Perfect! Perfect!" he crooned happily, kneeling on the floor beside the wet paper. Ted Richards found the three of them together.

"We've found Miss Belia's treasure!" Dorrie shouted. "Civil War copies of the *Courier*—used for wallpaper patches. It's a wonder they're still intact!"

"The Syndicate will pay well," Mr. Evans interrupted.

"I'm not selling the *Courier*," Ted Richards said. "I can manage a loan now."

"I only pretended to want the *Courier* to get Miss Belia's house," Elliot Evans confessed. "I had a hunch about old papers."

"The house isn't for sale either," Richards answered.

Dorrie remembered her visit to the Evans' house. She didn't dare look at Bill.

"I'll pay anything you ask," Mr. Evans wheedled.

"All these old *Couriers* are not for sale," Ted Richards retorted, "but I'll give you a chance to buy half at whatever price *you* appraise them—for Dorrie's college education."

"I'd almost forgotten there were men like you, Mr. Richards," Elliot Evans murmured apologetically. "Your offer's certainly a fair one." Bill grinned at Dorrie, and she smiled back.

"Better get that story in about Miss Belia's treasure," Ted Richards ordered.

"Right!" Bill ran. "I'll be back!"

"We'll be waiting!" Dorrie answered. They'd found Miss Belia's treasure, but both Bill and she knew they'd found something even more precious—a real friendship!

THE END

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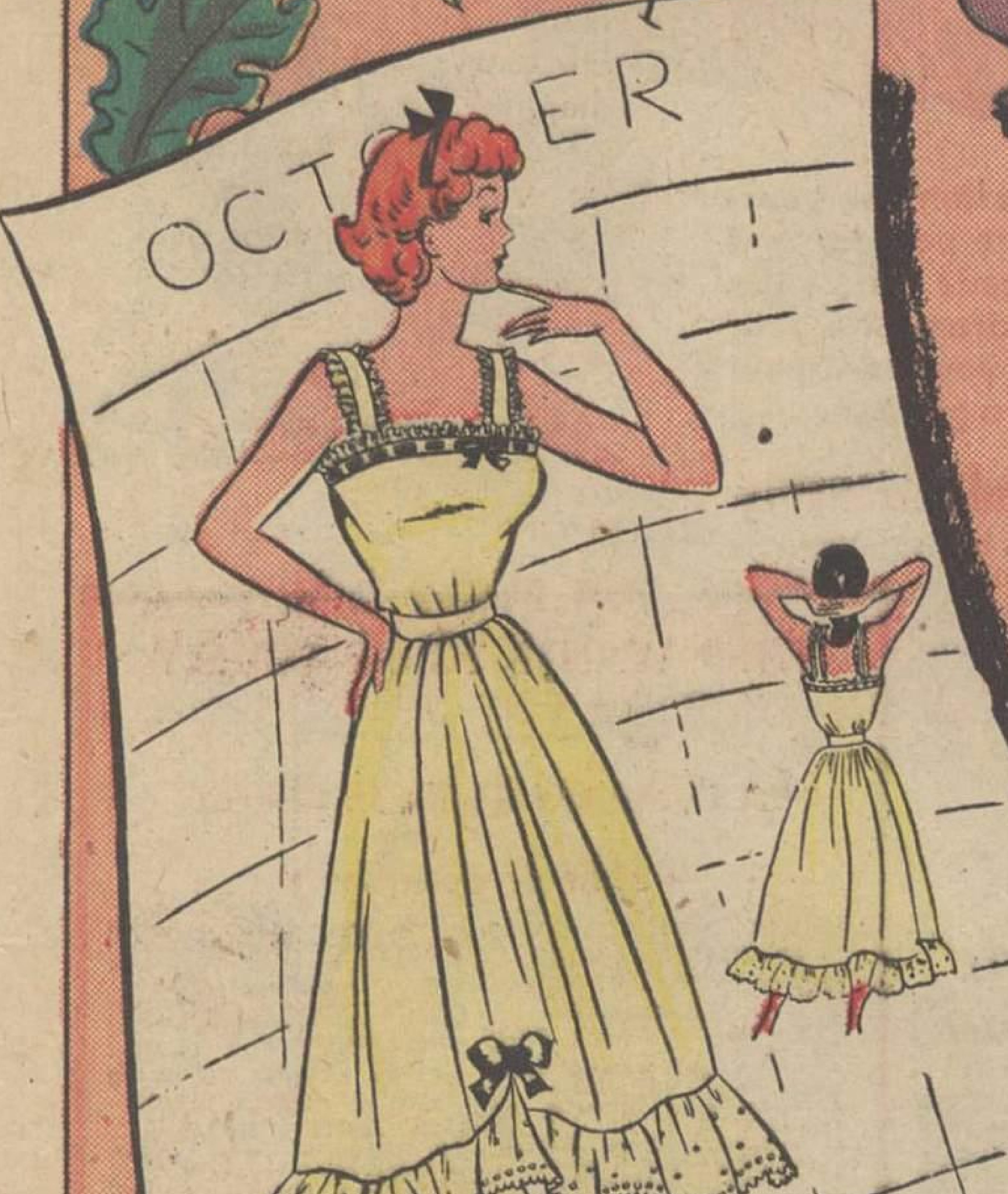

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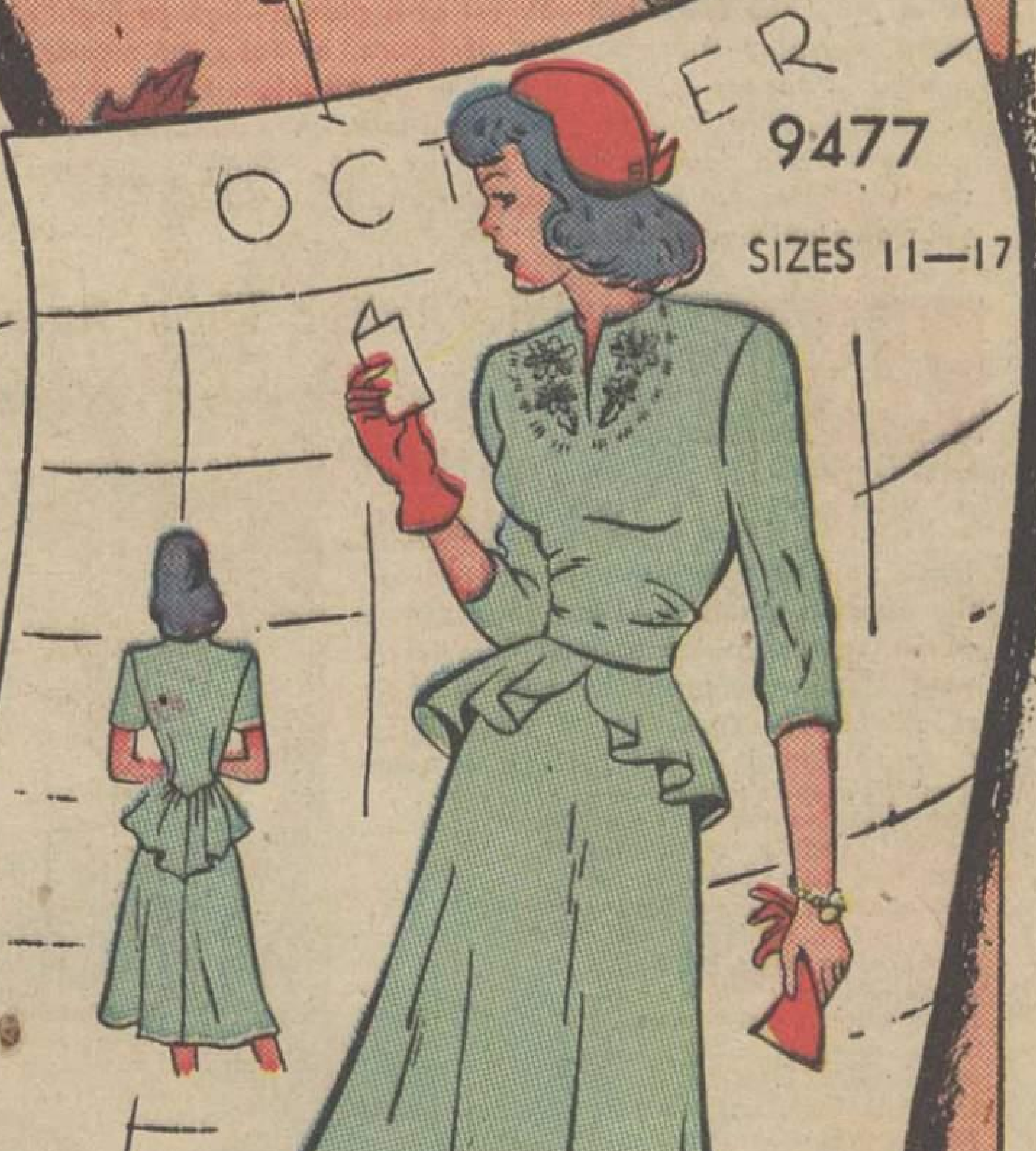

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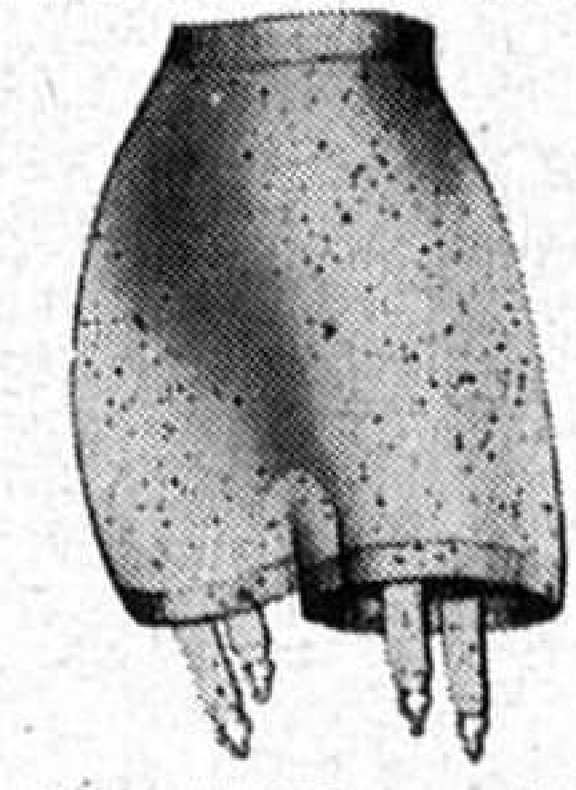

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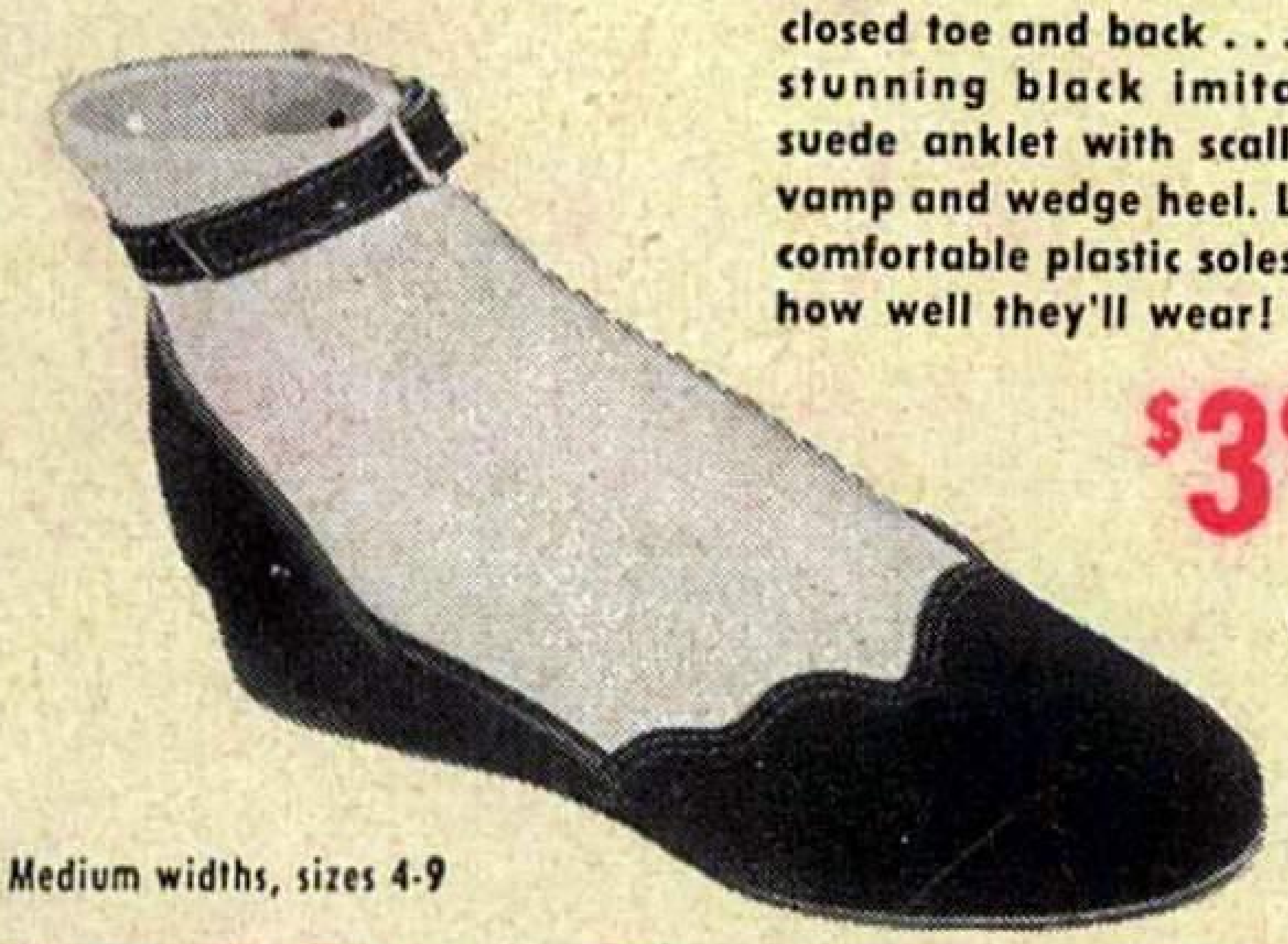

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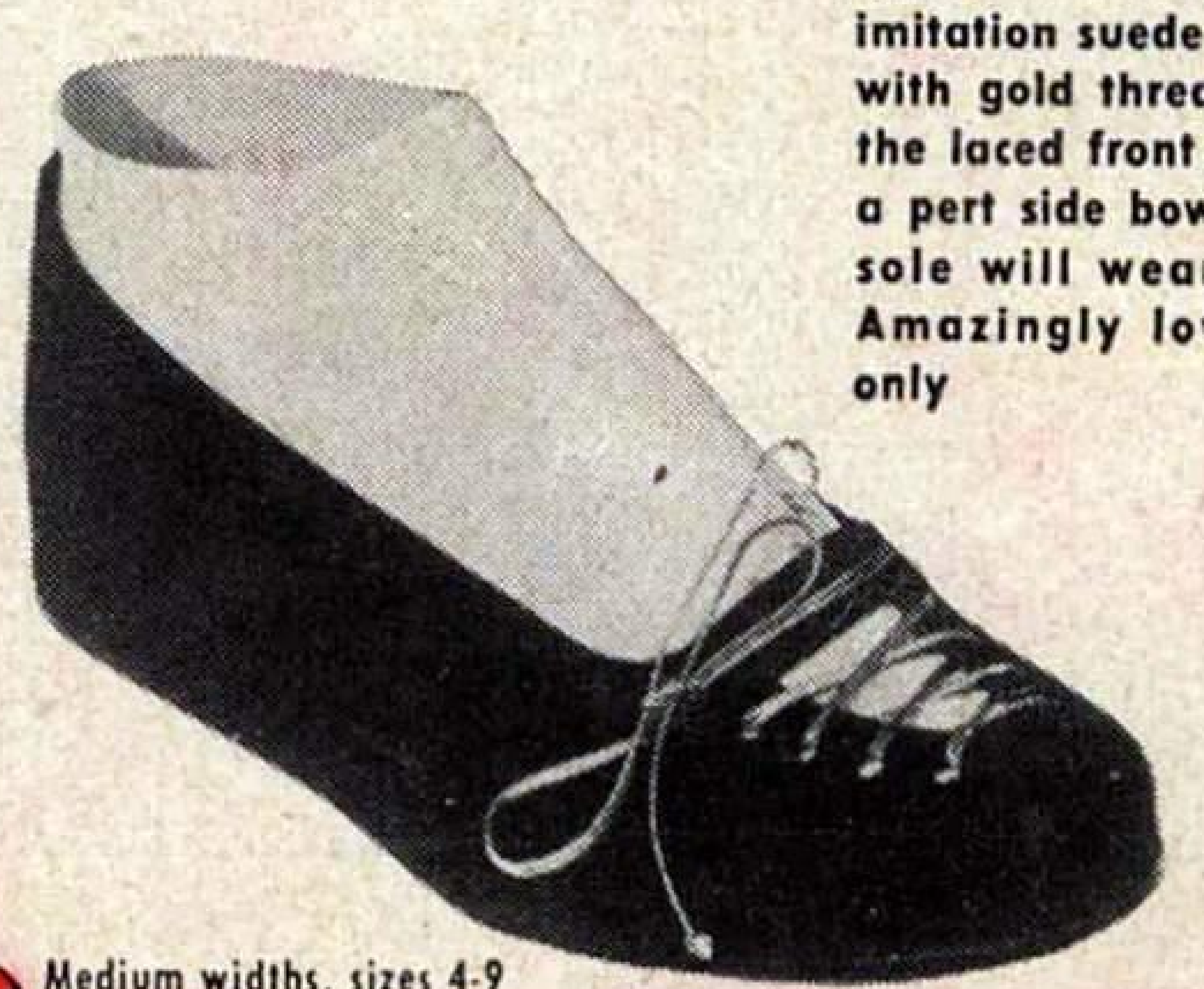

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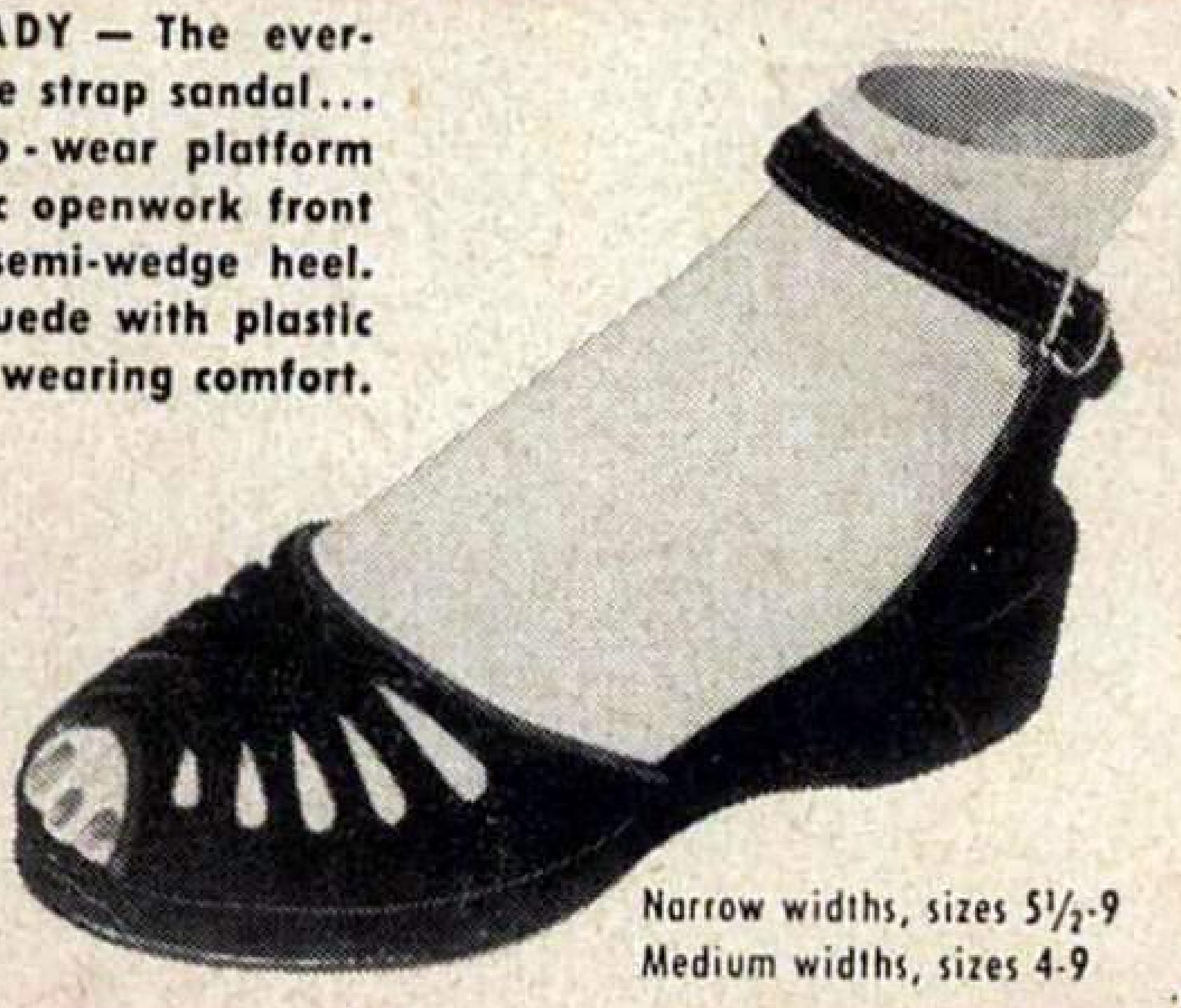

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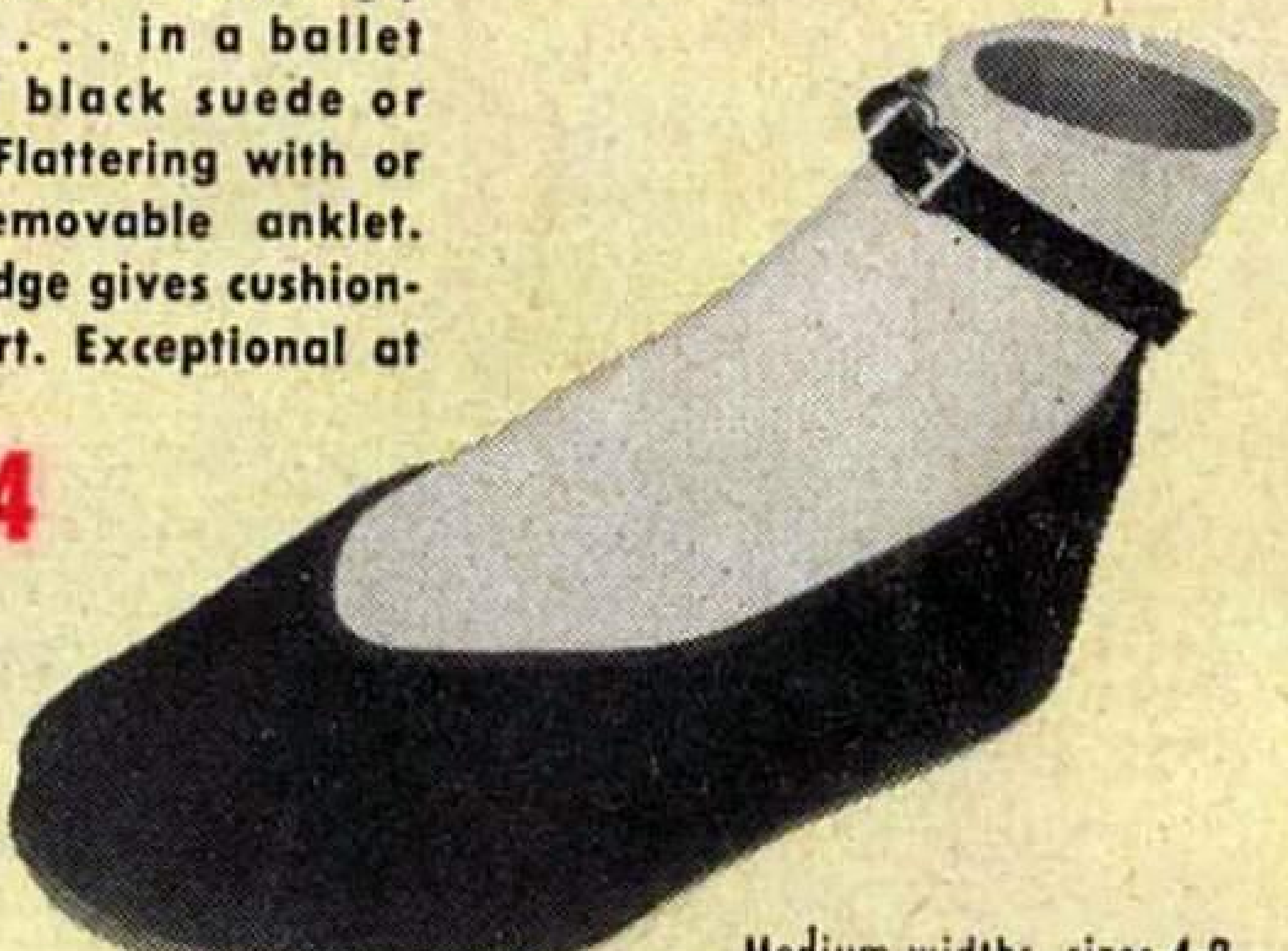

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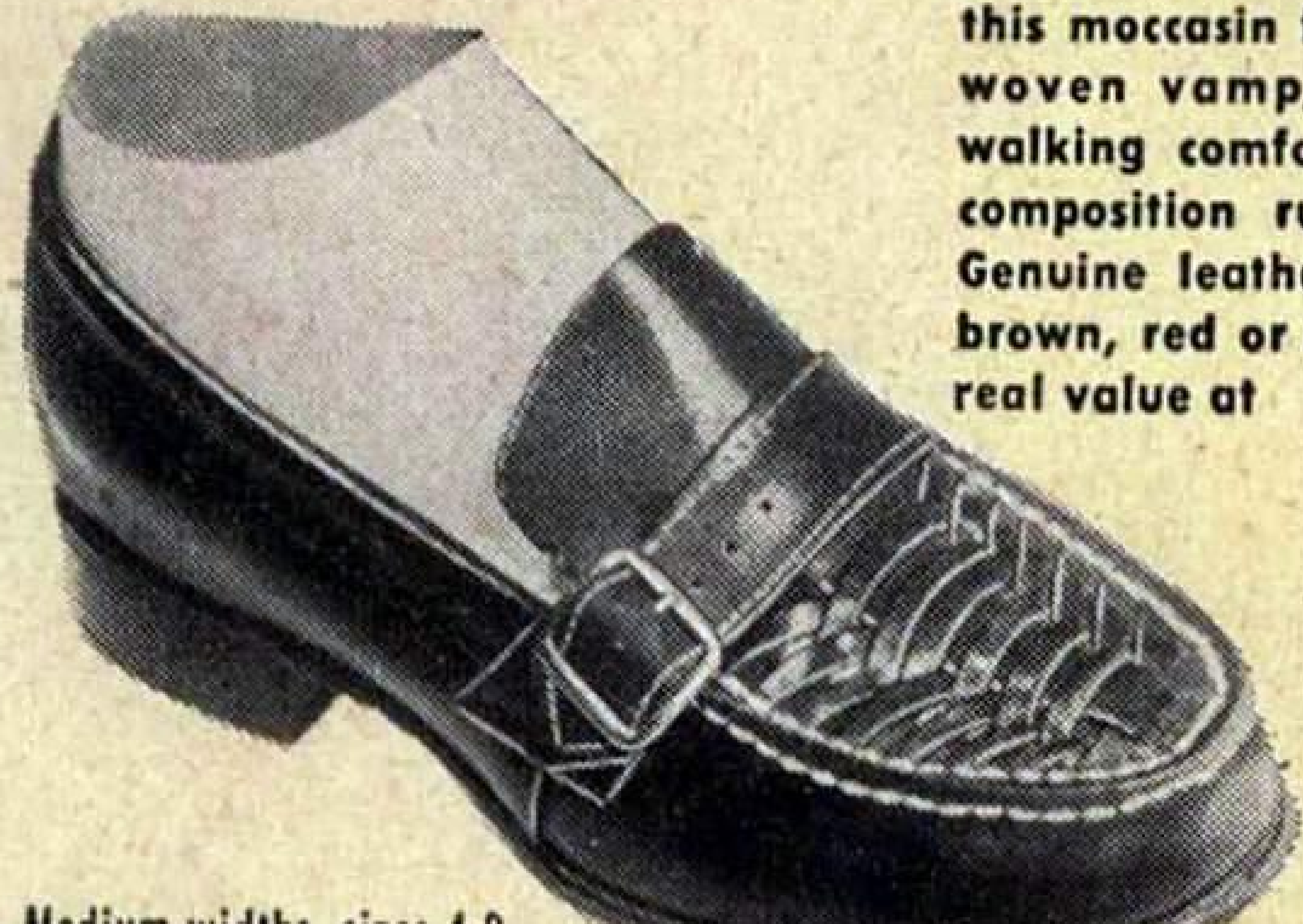

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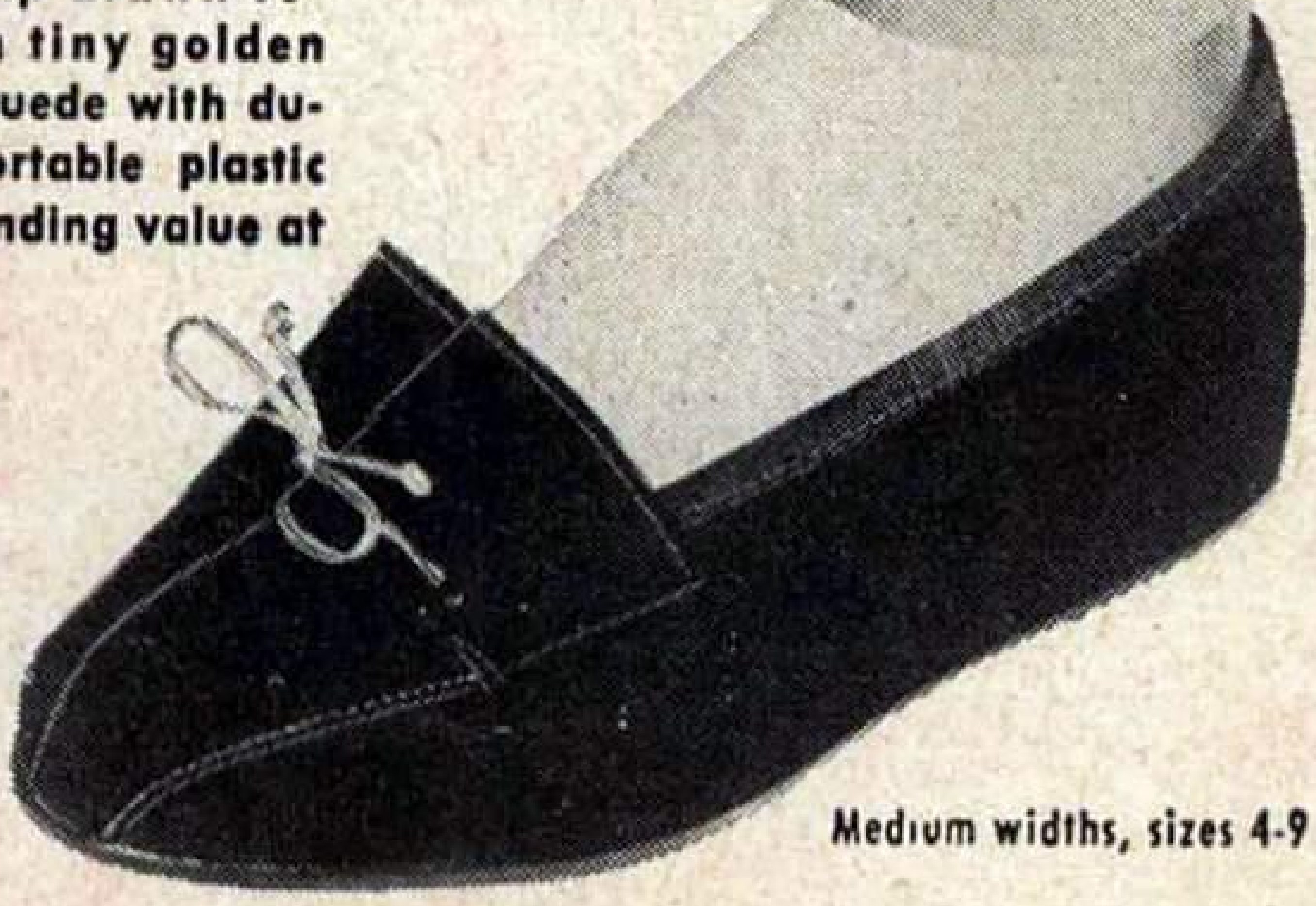

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